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THE LEAGUE AND THE AMERICAN ELECTION

WITHIN the last few months an unfortunate mortality has occurred in publications founded mainly for the purpose of discussing international affairs and enlightening the public upon war and post-war problems. The latest to terminate its career is the British *New Europe*, which bids its readers farewell in its issue of October 28. However, the French *L'Europe Nouvelle* is apparently still thriving. Its issue of October 24, which is the last to reach our desk, devotes a leader to the effect which Mr. Harding's election—considered as 'almost certain'—will have upon our country's relations with Europe. It considers that the League of Nations, which it calls 'a cuckoo's egg laid in the nest of Europe by a guest from America,' is, nevertheless, a permanent institution, for which it will be impossible to substitute a different form of international association such as Mr. Harding proposes.

As soon as passions have calmed down, the Americans will perceive that Europe is not now in a position to renounce the League of Nations in order to accommodate them. . . . More than thirty governments have already ratified the Covenant. Important as would be the adhesion

of the United States, it is not to be supposed that thirty governments will revoke their action, at a mere suggestion by the President at Washington, because a Republican chances to have replaced a Democrat in the White House. The institutions of the whole civilized world cannot be made the plaything of domestic politics in America.

But there is another and more peremptory reason, and one which escapes even many Europeans. Imperfect as it is, the League of Nations has already taken too deep root in new Europe to be torn up without provoking a catastrophe. The Saar Valley is now governed by the League of Nations. Abolish it, and that territory would revert to anarchy. In a large degree, this also applies to Danzig. The same authority will have to decide upon the eventual union of Austria and Germany. That is not all. In addition to the obligations and rights which the League acquires by existing treaties, it has been made the mediator in several more or less serious international controversies, including the Aaland Island question and the dispute between Lithuania and Poland. To destroy the League would be gratuitously to reopen the wounds of Europe and to shake the legal foundations of the new order.

The *Tory National Review* of London, commenting upon the presidential campaign, observes that, among Englishmen, 'no one can be heard to say that it matters a brass farthing to this country whether the United States votes Republican or Democrat.' Recurring to the League issue in the election the editor says: 'We reiterate it was not the treaty that wrecked the League, but the League that wrecked

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the treaty,' and he confronts his readers with the assertion that Anglo-American relations, never likely to be too amicable at best, would not be improved by America's joining the League:

So far from promoting peace and good-will, the League would have a contrary effect by providing ceaseless points of friction which the Anglophobe groups across the Atlantic would be perpetually exploiting. There would not be one Ireland, but ten Irelands, and Anglo-American affairs would steadily drift from bad to worse, until they became well-nigh intolerable. Every 'disgruntled' minority in any corner of the British Empire, or in any British protectorate, or wherever we had thoughtlessly assumed a mandate, would have a regular, organized, political backing in Washington.

THE GALLIC AND THE ANGLO-SAXON MIND

FREDERICK HARRISON, commenting in the *Fortnightly Review* upon the present somewhat strained relations between France and England remarks:

Frenchmen have two qualities in rare perfection — a logical perspicacity to follow out reasoning to its full consequences, together with an incurable tendency to suspect motives and aims of friends and foes. Now the English mind is much slower to detect danger, desertion, or treachery, and is averse to pressing every point to its logical consequence. The Frenchman takes up his data and follows them up to the end, *coûte que coûte*.

Now the English mind, when it finds reasoning comes to startling results, begins to hark back and think there was something doubtful in the data from which it started. He says things have altered, what was true at first is no longer true. He begins again from fresh *premissa* — he is an opportunist by habit and from experience. The Frenchman turns round and accuses him of treachery, of vacillation and ill-will — *perfidie Albion!* This accounts for many things in recent disputes. French and English Ministers agreed with Wilson's schemes to re-settle Europe, to make Germany pay, and to put her in chains. Englishmen, in a year or two, began to see that Germany could not pay at all — and that to put her in chains was to make it impossible that she could pay at all. They began to see that Poland was a very poor substitute to France for Tsardom

Russia, and that soviet Russia would not and could not pay the Tsardom debts. They saw that France could not hold Cilicia and had no real hold on Syria. Frenchmen heard all this with rage and suspicion. What! Germany is not to pay, nor Russia! Poland no good! Syria a failure! What is to become of France then?

England and France must hold together — or both will fall. But the difficulties of joint action are great. Our nation is, above all things, practical — ready to see that conditions are changed, that new plans must be formed. And our governments are more completely and continuously under the direction of Parliament and of opinion than is usually the government of France. But the French people and their rulers, with the passionate will of their race, and their exact and scientific mind, vehemently insist on literal execution of every agreement and precise adherence to every cause of a common policy. To differ from their view is to desert them — to see new conditions is to side with their enemy. All this makes coöperation extraordinarily difficult. It is impossible for us to join in all the schemes on which France has set her heart — and yet we cannot actively oppose them. We will, and we must, press Germany to make good her reparation in all reasonable measure; but we cannot join France in fresh military invasion of German land. We know how futile are hopes of any Russian government recognizing outstanding liabilities — how vain is the refusal to trade until this is done.

We know how precarious and how intractable is the new-born Polish nation. Yet we cannot formally resist the French *entêtement* for these schemes. As a matter of fact, we are powerless to take any adequate part in any of them. With Constantinople, Palestine, Mesopotamia, India, Ireland, all in military occupation, we have not a man to spare. Finally, the democracy at home places an absolute bar on any fresh commitments of a warlike kind. On the contrary, it is loudly calling out for a great reduction of those we have.

WRANGEL AND THE PEASANTS

REALIZING from Denikin's experience that the Bolsheviki cannot be overthrown by exclusively military means, General Wrangel and his advisers attempted to win over the civilian population of Southern Russia, and particularly the peasantry. They were embarrassed in so doing by the fact that their movement was backed

largely by the old land-owning aristocracy, and that it was impossible, without alienating this section of their adherents, to offer the peasants the same inducements to support their cause which the Bolsheviks could offer. As a compromise measure, the peasants were to be allowed to retain the land which they had appropriated from the former large estates, but they were to compensate the owners in one of three ways: by delivering to them one-fifth of the crops from such land for a period of twenty-five years; or by delivering to them five times the average annual crop in kind; or by paying for the land in cash. Private arrangements between the former owners and the present possessors were also to be permitted.

Even critics presumably friendly to Wrangel pointed out the unsatisfactory character of this plan. A considerable share of the lands seized by the peasants is not under cultivation, but is lying fallow, or being used for grazing. Therefore, it is not producing an 'average crop,' nor would one-fifth of the prospective crop for the next few years represent appreciable compensation for the owners. In order to make these collections in kind and to settle the innumerable petty disputes which they would cause, an enormous bureaucratic organization would have been needed which, itself, would have proved fatally burdensome in the present prostrated condition of the country. Furthermore, the peasants themselves were not likely to consent to any scheme which would cost them even part of their crops. Two years of Bolshevik propaganda have completely destroyed in their minds the idea that pre-revolutionary land titles have any validity whatsoever. Consequently, the publication of this project weakened Wrangel's hold upon the South Russian peasantry.

BRITAIN AND JAPAN

THE *New Statesman*, which is a strong advocate of friendship and amity between Great Britain and Japan, and endorses the alliance between the two countries, prints in its issue of October 23 a vigorous attack upon the Japanese administration of Korea. It says that, in 1905, when Japan established the protectorate, Korea had practically no public debt. Twelve years later, the national debt was about forty-five million dollars. During the interval, Japan had collected from the Korean people, some fifty million dollars in taxes, and had procured ten million dollars from mines, salt works, forests, and other natural resources. The total expenditures of the government on account of public works were about sixty-five millions. Its influence, however, has been of a civilizing character to the extent that civilization expresses itself in material things.

So far as liberty is concerned, the Japanese left none of it for Koreans. . . . Korea to-day is ruthlessly dragooned. Politically, the Koreans are outcasts; they have no part in their own government. There is a strict censorship which prevents all free expression of opinion in newspapers, pamphlets, or books. There is no right of free speech. Christianity is persecuted. Foreign missions and their schools and hospitals are subjected to the most humiliating police restrictions. Discrimination is made against native Christians. . . . If our alliance with Japan is to last, as we still hope it may, it can only be on terms which will satisfy a genuine liberal opinion in this country. It must satisfy us that we are compounding no felonies against popular liberty in the Far East.

MILITARY ASPECTS OF THE RUSSIAN DEFEAT

DURING the recent Polish campaign the Fourth, Fifteenth, Third, and Sixteenth Russian armies, embracing altogether twenty-eight guard divisions and three or four cavalry divisions, were routed. Since Russian military units are of very unequal strength the

total number of troops involved is uncertain. The Poles reported having captured by the end of September, forty-two thousand prisoners, and one hundred and sixty pieces of artillery. These were Russia's losses on the northern front. Its commanders succeeded in withdrawing from the southern sector with comparatively minor sacrifices. The forces here consisted of the Twelfth and Fourteenth armies, representing altogether fifteen guard divisions and five cavalry divisions, in addition to Budyonny's cavalry corps. The last named officer is said to have deserted to the Ukrainian, Petljura, with part of his followers; but this report, like all reports of the military situation in the Ukraine, is to be accepted with caution. Probably, however, the Bolshevik forces on the southern Polish front remain approximately intact, and it is from this source that troops were transferred to fight Wrangel. With the signing of the treaty between Poland and Russia, it is probable that the Red troops, which took refuge in German territory, will be given an opportunity to return to Russia. Before the collapse of the Polish front, the Bolsheviks were employing their Thirteenth army, consisting of some eight guard divisions, and four cavalry divisions, against Wrangel, whose forces were estimated to number then about sixty thousand.

CLEMENCEAU AND MILLERAND

BOTH Clemenceau and Millerand are universally recognized to be resolute, forceful, aggressive defenders of France's international interest. Yet the two men, superficially similar as they may seem, are very different in temperament and motives. As a neutral correspondent, writing to the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* from Paris, says:

In contrast to Clemenceau, an impulsive, temperamental man, whose actions are governed mainly by sentiment, Millerand is a realist, an eminent corporation attorney, who always keeps practical business interest to the fore. He is intent mainly upon promoting the material, economic welfare of France. . . . He is eager to liberate France from its present dependence on England for coal. . . . He knows it is imperative to raise the value of the franc in foreign exchange. For these reasons he is seeking to come to a definite arrangement with Germany.

This correspondent comments further on the general situation in Paris:

One should not ascribe too much importance to Poincaré's press campaign. People in Paris recognize that whatever he writes is inspired primarily by considerations of party strategy at home. He and many of his associates are the opposite of friendly to Millerand, who has blocked certain of their ambitions.

BELGIAN CABINET CRISIS

PRESS despatches have reported recent changes in the Belgian Cabinet followed, after an interval, by the resignation of the entire ministry. Since 1884 Parliament has been generally under the control of the Clericals, with the Socialists and Liberals in opposition. There has been no real centre, as in most continental countries, to shift power occasionally from one side to the other. The election held after the armistice did not materially change the situation; for though the Socialists increased their delegation, this gain was largely compensated by the losses of the Liberals. The Clerical group was weakened by the loss of seats and by internal divisions—especially between the Flemish and the French speaking members. It may require a new election to clarify the party situation, since the recent experience of the government seems to indicate that a coalition cabinet, in which practically all parties are represented, cannot deal satisfactorily with the important domestic and foreign problems facing Belgium.

THE AALAND ISLANDS

THE knotty problem of the ultimate disposition of the Aaland Archipelago, lying contiguous to Finland, but just across an open strait from Sweden, populated by Swedes, but politically part of Finland, has been referred to the League of Nations. The Finns protest that these islands have been for more than a century a part of Finland, and that questions relating to them are purely domestic — as much a domestic matter as the independence of Ireland for instance. The people themselves would probably prefer to belong to Sweden. A correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, who has recently visited the islands, gives the following description of local sentiment:

Their dislike of the Finns is manifest. This, in my opinion, is partly racial feeling, but is also partly due to the class of Finns whom the Aalanders have brought to the islands for their industries. I entered a peasant's house on one of my walks to get a cup of tea, and while the kettle was boiling the housewife expressed her strong antipathy to the Finns, and declared that this feeling came from the 'bottom of her heart,' that she could not explain it, as she did not have the same dislike for other nationalities, not even the Russians. Such anti-Finnish opinions were general, but they are not confined to the Aalanders, as I have heard similar opinions from the Swedes of the Finnish mainland.

MINOR NOTES

THE present Polish government has been constantly attacked by Western Radicals and Liberals for its reactionary tendencies; but according to a Polish Socialist, quoted in the French Radical Socialist daily, *Populaire*, its most loyal supporters are the local Socialists themselves. Pilsudski has always been classed as a so-called 'Nationalist Socialist.' This informant charges the 'Communists with having ruined the Polish trade unions, by calling incessant, unpremeditated strikes for purposes of political agitation, until the losses of the workers

through unemployment impoverished and disrupted their organizations.

THE Hungarian press took a lively interest in the controversy between President Wilson and Senator Spencer regarding the former's alleged promise to the Prime Minister of Roumania that the United States would, in case of necessity, employ its army and navy to defend the latter country. Naturally, such assistance, if promised, might have been intended for use against Hungary.

DURING 1919, Germany's imports exceeded its exports by more than twenty-two billion marks; and this unfavorable balance continued until last April and May, when exports for the first time exceeded imports. The change, however, is ascribed to the increased deliveries of coal to the Entente under the Versailles Treaty. Consequently, the apparently favorable balance does not contribute to the economic recovery of Germany except so far as that may be promoted by a lessening of its obligations to the victorious powers.

OCTOBER 12, Columbus Day, was celebrated as a *Dia de la Raza* by members of the Iberian race throughout Spanish America with ceremonies attended by elaborate popular demonstrations of race solidarity. In Argentina and Chile the exercises were managed by the Spanish-American organizations with the coöperation of municipal and national officials.

A SENSATIONAL arrest in Chile the last of September illustrates the tension of sentiment prevailing in that country in connection with any matter affecting its relation with Peru. A nephew of the Chilean Minister to

Lima at the time of the war between Chile and Peru, was arrested with his accomplices, as he was about to leave Santiago for the Argentine, ostensibly to deliver to Peruvian representatives confidential diplomatic documents and correspondence relating to the period of the Ancón Treaty, which he had inherited among the family papers of his uncle. Presumably, the papers are copies of documents the originals of which are in the files of the Chilean Foreign Office.

An invention has reached the stage of successful application in France whereby air is compressed by a special turbine so as to permit aviators to respire without difficulty at very high altitudes. The same device feeds air of

even density to the motor. The employment of this turbo-compressor is said to open new possibilities for aerial navigation, and according to a prominent French aviation official, 'the time is near when a trip from Brest to New York will take but a single night.'

AUSTRALIA proposes to spend nearly \$40,000,000 a year hereafter, as compared with \$15,000,000 during the war, upon its army, navy, and air force. This is the project of a labor premier. The Imperial proposals recommended to Australia call for a still larger expenditure. The presentation of these projects to the people has elicited a flood of sarcastic comment upon the failure of the Peace Conference to lessen the burden of armaments.

[*Sozialistische Monatshefte* (Berlin Conservative Socialist Fortnightly), September 13]

ENGLAND'S REAL RUSSIAN POLICY

BY MARK LEWIN

[This article, and an article entitled 'France's Real Russian Policy' which we shall print next week, need not be taken at face value; but they throw important sidelights upon motives which doubtless play a part in world diplomacy, and which, by influencing the acts of individuals in authority at important crises, may affect the course of history.]

CREDULOUS newspaper readers see frequent reports of changes in the relations between the British government and Moscow without learning anything of the underlying causes. They entirely fail to realize how truly the proverb applies here: 'The more apparent change, the less real change.' In their uncritical way, these readers understand that Lloyd George is an unflinching opponent of Bolshevism;

that he supports every opponent of Bolshevism; and so they fancy that he must have reversed his attitude when he sits down at some table with Bolshevik representatives. They think another change has occurred when these representatives return home for a period; that still another change has come about when they reappear in England with their wives and children—and so on without end. In order to

understand this ostensible alternation of policies, we must understand first the consistent underlying policy which Great Britain has pursued toward Russia during the past two years.

On November 17, 1919, Lloyd George, in speaking of the Russian situation in the House of Parliament, said that he did not need to state his opinion regarding the policy of the British empire toward reuniting all the former territories of Russia; that a wise and foreseeing British statesman (Lord Beaconsfield) regarded a great, gigantic, constantly growing Russia as an avalanche slowly slipping toward Persia and India's Afghan border, and therefore representing the greatest danger which could threaten the British empire. Lloyd George here was not indulging in a mere flight of oratory, but defining a historical programme, namely the partition of the Russian realm: The only question for us to consider is the methods which British diplomacy has employed to accomplish this object.

In order to get to the bottom of the question, we must review briefly British intervention in Russian affairs, both military and otherwise. We must first of all appreciate that the attitude of the Russian revolutionary parties toward the suppression of Bolshevism was two-fold. So long as the World War lasted, Russian Democrats, who never recognized the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, regarded themselves still as allies of the Entente, hoping later for a just peace, a peace without victory, annexations, or indemnities. At that time, the Bolsheviks were an outpost of German militarism and therefore were the enemies of Russian democracy in a strictly military sense. Consequently, the Russian revolutionists would then have welcomed military help from their foreign allies against the Bolsheviks. They hoped

for such help, but they never received it.

An entirely different aspect was given to the situation with Germany's defeat and the signing of the Armistice. The Democratic parties of Germany were just as hostile as ever to the Bolsheviks, but they wanted to fight them with their own resources. They did not wish to see Russia a battlefield for foreign legions and a pawn for foreign ambitions. During the early part of this period, the Democrats of Russia won great victories between the Volga and Siberia. In addition to these territories East of the Volga, they also captured Archangel from the Bolsheviks. In all instances, they did this without Entente assistance, depending solely and alone on Russian resources, with help here and there from Czecho-Slovak war prisoners who regarded the Bolsheviks as enemies of the Russian revolution, and as agents of their hereditary foe, the Germans. Throughout these liberated districts, a Democratic government was organized. At Archangel, a provisional democratic coalition government was set up under the leadership of the venerable Tchailkovsky. At Ufa, East of the Volga, a similar all-Russian directorate assumed control. This was the situation in Russia in the Autumn of 1918, when Germany's defeat seemed to be imminent, and the Entente had lost its former interest in reestablishing the Russian front.

Thereupon, instead of leaving Russia to itself as formerly, the Entente powers suddenly showed immense zeal for intervention, and insisted upon a policy of destroying all that had been accomplished by the Russian Liberals and Democrats themselves, and tried to keep the country in a state of protracted war. The different steps in this policy can be designated by the headings: Archangel, Kolchak, Denikin, Yudenich, and Poland.

During the whole period represented by these five phases, the blockade played a preëminent rôle. Russia had suffered more from interrupted intercourse with the rest of the world during the four years of war than any other country, and this alone prepared the soil for Bolshevism. The country's scanty imports through Archangel and Vladivostok, and its insufficient revenues were devoted almost exclusively to war objects. Inadequate railway transportation through the vast reaches of Siberia and of Northern Russia did the rest to deprive the people of Russia of foreign merchandise. As soon as the Bolsheviki seized power, they made the situation still worse by suppressing private trade, which was replaced by an underworld of smugglers; and by abolishing the local government bodies and volunteer societies, which had worked wonders in maintaining the economic soundness of the country throughout the war. The coöperative societies, which had extended their operations tremendously during hostilities, were also paralyzed by Bolshevik interference. Any man, with the welfare of the Russian nation at heart, knew perfectly well that a blockade would immeasurably increase the suffering of Russia's common people. This reason alone should have prevented the adoption of such a measure. But in fighting the Bolsheviki, a blockade should also have been avoided for mere reasons of expediency. Every man who has lived in Bolshevik Russia knows that the so-called Red army is not the creation of Trotzky, but of universal famine; that joining the Red army is the only legal way for a man and his family to escape hunger. The English government must have been informed perfectly of this fact through its official and unofficial agents in Russia. These facts have

been laid before that government by Russian democrats abroad. All that England has accomplished by the blockade is to strengthen Bolshevism by increasing distress in Russia.

One more fact remains to be mentioned in this connection. By isolating Russia, Bolshevism has been surrounded with mystery. The proletariat of other countries, seeking some road to betterment, have conceived the fancy that Bolshevism is the route they are after; and it has been easy to strengthen this conviction in default of better information. Russian Social Democrats have employed every opportunity to advocate sending commissions to Russia to study the real situation there and to make it known abroad. We knew beforehand, what events proved later—namely, that too much must not be expected of such commissions. They would necessarily consist of foreigners ignorant of the country, the people, and the language, and would fall easy victims to the deceptions of their Bolshevik hosts and the latter's spies. But had there been no blockade, the situation would have been quite different. With resumption of commerce, unofficial visits, for which the stage could not be decorated beforehand, would have been constantly occurring, and the common people of Europe would have learned the truth about their imaginary Bolshevik paradise. We are beginning to learn that of late. No sooner did German workmen migrate to Russia to earn their daily bread, instead of for purposes of investigation, than we began to hear songs of a very different kind. However, so long as the blockade continues, and makes free intercourse with Russia impossible, we must depend for the most part on commissions like those of the English workers and the German Independents, to bring back

at least a modicum of truth. Lloyd George helped to make the myth of a Bolshevik paradise by the blockade. Up to February last year, he tried to preserve that legend by refusing passports to prospective British visitors. He seems to have thought, like the divinity in *Sais*, 'No mortal shall touch this veil till I myself lift it;' for, 'He who touches with unhallowed and guilty hand what is holy and forbidden, he sees Truth.'

Naturally, I do not mean to imply that the British government started out with malice aforethought to strengthen Russian Bolshevism. What that government desired was to keep the same sort of a Bolshevik clique at the helm, to aid English imperialism, as the one which signed the peace of Brest-Litovsk, and thus mutilated Russia, and ruined it economically. This purpose was served likewise by military intervention at Archangel, in Siberia, and in South Russia. As I have said above, Archangel had already been liberated from the Bolsheviks. It had set up of its own authority a provisional democratic government. Then the English military expedition under General Poole landed. Its leaders solemnly declared that it was not their purpose to interfere in the internal affairs of Russia. This neutrality continued only long enough to permit an old officer of the Tsar, brought to Archangel under an assumed name by an English officer, to overturn and imprison the regular authorities one night; yes, this policy of non-intervention went so far that an English vessel was provided to carry the arrested cabinet ministers to an island, where they were interned in a cloister. To be sure, General Poole was forced to modify this unique neutrality, and bring the cabinet back, because the workmen of Archangel started a general strike. But the

anti-Bolshevik government was overthrown, and that was the main thing he was after.

With every day that passed, the confidence of the local population in the military dictatorship thus set up — although the pretense of a civilian cabinet continued — grew less; and when the Bolsheviks ultimately returned, they found no one to resist them, and easily made themselves masters of Northern Russia.

East of the Volga, and in Siberia, the Bolsheviks were beaten everywhere by Russian forces, with the help of Czech-Slovak war prisoners, without any aid whatever from the Entente. The territory thus liberated erected a truly democratic government of its own. The Entente press systematically suppressed the news of these military successes and thus created the false idea abroad that the Russian people could not defend themselves from their Bolshevik masters and must be aided from without. The truth is quite the contrary. A war-weary, unorganized, unarmed, and impoverished people had risen, and almost bare-handed, driven the enemy from a vast stretch of territory. We were at the point of connecting the Volga front with the Northern front and marching with every prospect of success against Moscow. Then, for a second time, English statesmanship thrust a dagger into the back of the Russian people.

The governments set up in other territories liberated from the Bolsheviks — in Siberia, the Urals, the lands of the Bashkirs, and of the Kirgish — associated themselves with the government of Samara. The latter had been organized by a committee of the legally elected constitutional assembly, which the Bolsheviks had dispersed by force. At a convention held at Ufa in September, 1918, a provisional All-

Russian Defense Committee was appointed, which obligated itself to transfer its functions within four months to a new constitutional assembly. This committee consisted of two social revolutionaries, one cadet, and two nonpartisans, all men previously well known in Russia. One of the nonpartisans, Boldyreff, had previously been professor in the St. Petersburg Military Academy, a member of the old general staff, and the commander of an army during the war; but he was no reactionary, and consented to become a member of the committee merely as a military adviser. He was personally on the fighting front aiming to form a junction with the Northern army from Archangel, and left the civil administration entirely to the other members of the committee.

This committee succeeded within less than two months in assembling from the scattered, unorganized forces in the districts which recognized its jurisdiction, a united army of three hundred thousand men. It organized a going government and enacted necessary provisional legislation. It was so successful that its recognition by the Allies was discussed and was expected to occur the following November at Omsk. Four days prior to the date set, however, two representatives of the British army, General Knox and Colonel Ward, succeeded in securing the overthrow of this government and established a military dictatorship under Kolchak. The members of the Ufa Defense Committee were on the point of concluding an agreement with delegates from the Archangel government, to have the latter unite with the Ufa government, at the time they were arrested. An interesting collection of documents regarding the history of this intrigue was published last year in Russia. So far as I know, it has not yet been translated into any

foreign language. Immediately, however, the English press began to advertise Kolchak's successes, with as much energy as it had previously devoted to preventing any news leaking out concerning the successes of the real Russian government. Winston Churchill frankly declared in the British House of Parliament on July 6, 1919: 'We were the ones who put Kolchak in power.'

It will be interesting to review briefly Churchill's part in this glorious achievement. Kerensky, in a report which he made to a committee of the British Labor Party, states that, during the well-known offensive in Galicia in 1917, he had been forced to remove General Knox — former English military attaché at the court of the Tsar, who still occupied this position with the provisional government — from the combat area, because he was intriguing with old imperialist officers against the existing authorities. That action did not prevent this officer from continuing his underground activities. His hand was detected in the Korniloff mutiny. Colonel Ward is entitled to credit for the fact that the members of the Ufa Defense Committee were not assassinated after their arrest, but he did his best to mislead public opinion in England, by an article in the *Times*, regarding what actually occurred at Ufa, and to prejudice the English against the Defense Committee by untrue and unworthy slanders.

A person will not go far astray in assuming that events which occurred in Western Europe between the ninth and the eleventh of November, 1918, had a direct influence upon the overthrow of the anti-Bolshevist government of Russia at Omsk on November 18. As soon as Germany's surrender made the terms of the coming Peace Treaty a matter of immediate prac-

tical importance, English policy immediately turned to preventing a real popular government from being organized in Russia. *For such a government would have thrown its influence into the scale in favor of a peace without victors or vanquished, without annexations, and without indemnities. England was determined to prevent that contingency.* It was not enough merely to refrain from recognizing such a government; for any government representing the Russian people would have proclaimed to the world its right to have a say in the settlement of the war, the brunt of which it had borne four years, and whatever Russia did say would have interfered with the plans which England had already laid. But in addition, there was the ancient purpose of the British empire to weaken Russia, long ago announced by Beaconsfield. So a reactionary military dictatorship was set up at Omsk and conducted itself precisely as might have been expected. Within a year, the vast territories which had been liberated by such great sacrifices from the Bolshevik yoke were again under the control of Moscow; for a population oppressed by a military dictatorship had no motive for fighting to maintain one usurper against another usurper.

Another falsehood should be nailed right here—the assertion that the London government was not aware of what its agents in Russia were doing. Lloyd George said in a speech on January 16, 1919, delivered before the Supreme Council in Paris—a speech which did not become public until the fifth of the following November through its publication in the *Manchester Guardian*—‘From direct reports which we have received, it seems probable that Kolchak has surrounded himself with representatives of the old imperial régime, and that he is a monarchist at heart.’ Never-

theless, he continued to follow his former policy for ten months thereafter, supporting Kolchak against the Russian democrats. Lloyd George betrayed himself still further in that speech by naming three persons to whom must be entrusted the campaign against the Bolsheviks. They were Kolchak, Denikin, and the very General Knox who managed the overthrow of the Russian democratic government at Ufa.

An identical policy was followed by Great Britain in other parts of Russia. During the summer of 1919, the volunteer army, later commanded by Denikin, extended its activities in Southern Russia and fell under English influence. A little group of young men, which was the real heart of this army, succeeded in driving the undisciplined mob of depredators, which at that time was called the Red army, from Odessa and Rostoff clear to Orel, and almost succeeded in reaching Moscow. This was accomplished in a few weeks. The vast territories so suddenly liberated must have a government. The English, with the experience of Archangel and Siberia before their eyes, had only to give orders to determine the character of that government. But no effort was made to set up democratic institutions. Military dictatorship was again trumps. Unless a person has witnessed the thing first hand, he cannot realize what such rule means. Shady individuals, who had done nothing to defend the cause of their country, and who were now denouncing the Bolsheviks with the same fluency with which they had lauded them the day before, secured commissions as officers and employed the authority of an arbitrary dictatorship to rob and plunder the country at will.

What wonder that these so-called officers, instead of protecting the

civilian population and winning their support, became the hated oppressors of the common people and therefore the destroyers of the army itself. So all Southern Russia surrendered readily to the Bolsheviki in less time than it had been taken away from them a few months before. For instance, Kieff was evacuated by a horde of these officers, and naturally by their followers, upon the report that only three hundred Red guardsists were advancing upon the city, and before they actually reached the town. Odessa was deserted pell-mell by tens of thousands of these officers — reports place the number at between thirty thousand and forty thousand — when the newspapers and official staff reported that two Bolshevik detachments, one numbering eighteen hundred and the other two hundred men, were advancing against the city. Quite naturally, the rank and file of the army, left leaderless to be shot by the Bolsheviki, preferred to tie red ribbons about their arms and to join the latter, and demonstrated their conversation to their new faith by a carnival of robbery and assassination. No wonder that the people saw no difference between being murdered by Denikin's officers or by alleged Communists. They acted in accordance with the Russian proverb: 'It may be worse, but at least it is different.'

In the very last days of this crazy adventure, on January 28, 1920, the chief of the English mission, General Holman, came out with a declaration in favor of Denikin, and issued an appeal to the Cossacks of the Don and Kuban, calling upon them in the name of the King of England to join Denikin 'against the enemies of Christendom.' These were the very Cossacks whose efforts to administer honestly their own territories and their own army

on a democratic basis, had been put down by Denikin and his war grafters with the help of English tanks! The story of Yudenich is merely a repetition of almost identical experiences.

England has consistently acted in the spirit of the policy proclaimed by Lord Beaconsfield, of partitioning and weakening Russia and preventing a government being formed in that country which would have the support of the whole Russian nation. Some innocent newspaper readers fancy the British are fighting so desperately to crush Russian Bolshevism because its propaganda imperils their rule in India. They can be at rest on this point. It is true that Bolshevik propaganda in India and Western Asia is embarrassing England, by accentuating difficulties already in existence. Therefore, Great Britain is playing a double game in that region. It is trying to keep Bolshevism out of Asia while supporting it in Europe. But it is utterly mistaken to represent Bolshevism as a real peril for England. Even the most optimistic Russian Bolsheviki do not believe in that. Their proclamations of world revolution are issued for the benefit of easily deluded intellectuals and workmen in Western Europe. They are not taken seriously by the Bolshevik chiefs themselves. The Bolsheviki are trying to make things unpleasant for the English in Asia merely to obtain the official recognition of the British government, and thus to prolong their own rule and strengthen themselves against those powers, which, like France, have a practical interest in re-creating a powerful united Russia. Bolshevism never has been and never will be a serious threat to the British empire itself. Were that the case, England would not have let so many opportunities pass to wipe Bolshevism off the map.

Indeed, England, like every other capitalist power, is really obligated to Bolshevism; first, for having terminated a really beneficial revolution in Russia; next for having sown discord and confusion among the proletariat of Europe by its Communist teachings; and last of all, for having discredited Radicalism by its failures at home. Greater than any direct threat which Bolshevism represents for England is the advantage which the British Government has derived from the policy started by imperial Germany's representatives at Brest-Litovsk, of partitioning Russia and undermining its economic strength in a degree which even Lord Beaconsfield, in spite of his gift of divination, never dreamed.

Lloyd George, in his speech of November 17, 1919, enumerated the Russian territories which desired to separate from Moscow. They were: Lithuania, Esthonia, Georgia, Armenia, Azerbaijan. But the people of these territories were never asked what their attitude would be toward a Russian Socialist Federal Republic. They were only asked whether they wanted to belong to a Russia ruled by Lenin or by Denikin. Lloyd George has the support of the British Parliament, and even of the British working

people, in provisionally detaching these countries from Russia. Trans-Caucasia and Turkestan, with their wealth in naphtha, manganese, oil, timber, and cotton, were occupied by British troops and gradually converted into English protectorates.

Now the purpose is, to avoid further military expenditure without letting the booty slip from British hands. This is the real object in the background during the negotiations between the British authorities and the Bolsheviks in London. If Britain succeeds in forcing a Brest-Litovsk agreement upon Moscow, any later Russian government, no matter how legitimate, will be faced with the fact of a treaty signed with Great Britain, guaranteeing that government the concessions it desires in Asia. When this has been accomplished, the Bolshevik 'nigger in the wood pile' will have performed his task and may disappear forever. Whatever government may be established in Russia, we know that it will be unable to annul the economic concessions which will have been signed away to England. Last, but not least, if Great Britain establishes an economic protectorate over Russia, it becomes thereby the permanent guardian of France. The latter outcome follows necessarily from the former.

[*The New Statesman* (London Radical Liberal Weekly), October 23]

THE DAILY PRESS ON TRIAL

[This is the first foreign review which has come to our notice of *The Brass Check*, a book said to have reached a sale approaching 150,000 copies in the United States, and which has already been noted less at length in Continental papers; which, by the way, irrespective of party, are open to the charges made against our own — and others in addition.]

THIS has been a bad year for the daily paper in the United States. The old game of what in America is called 'muck-raking' has been vigorously revived *ad hoc*. Never before in relation to this inexhaustible subject, can there have been so varied a mass of material provided for the benefit of the citizen who thinks a little about his responsibilities. And as a consequence, many more people than usual in America are at present asking the question: How can self-government be a reality, or even a possibility, if the community is systematically misled and lied to; if, that is, it has no means of ensuring a steady supply of facts upon which to base its judgments?

This question has been provoked by a combination of events and enterprises. The exposure by the Inter-Church Movement of the policy and methods of the Steel Trust had the effect, incidentally, of calling attention to the regular suppression of strike news in the daily press. It has also been widely noted that the facts in relation to the persecution of alien societies and of American radicals, under the attorney-general's plan of campaign, had to be brought out, after some delay, by agencies other than the daily paper. The public is beginning to realize that it is being kept in the dark as to labor matters generally, and, similarly, as to important new movements such as the Farmers' League of

the Northwest, which, during the past two years, has secured a succession of remarkable electoral victories. A presidential year, of course, is good for publicity, and it is not altogether a coincidence that at this moment the press should be under fire in an exceptional degree.

The man who has been most effectual in the present movement is undoubtedly Mr. Upton Sinclair, who, not for the first time, happens to be for the moment among the most widely read authors on the American continent. It is not an easy matter to make a large number of people read about newspapers, their production and habits; but this is just what Mr. Sinclair has succeeded in doing. From his own home in Pasadena, California, he published some months ago *The Brass Check: A Study of American Journalism*. It is an angry, personal, repetitious, wide-ranging volume in paper covers, priced at sixty cents. The author-publisher took pains to send out early copies to leading publicists over the world. The explosive little book was passed round. Then it was advertised and began to sell, its readers being now numbered by the hundred thousand. Mr. Sinclair is a writer with ways of his own. Ever since his celebrated incursion into the Chicago stockyards made him known to a great audience, he has enjoyed a twofold reputation — in Europe as a successful writer of

novels with a purpose, in his own country as a Socialist agitator with a singular talent for getting his name into the headlines. For himself he disclaims any such talent. He would have us believe that he is devoted to the quiet life, asking nothing but to be let alone. But the quiet life, he assures us, is the one thing that has been impossible for him ever since he published *The Jungle*.

Being first of all a sensational novelist, Mr. Sinclair, not unnaturally, came to the conclusion that the detailed story of his own experiences afforded him the best available means of exhibiting those methods of the press which seem to him most immoral and dangerous. He describes the way in which, after the booming of *The Jungle*, the packing houses brought up all their forces and made use of the news channels whenever he gave them an opening. He tells how the papers 'guyed' his coöperative home colony in a New Jersey suburb, and with what ferocity they followed up his divorce suit — a proceeding all the more noticeable because, through one of the curious differences in propriety which exist between nations, divorces are not 'copy' in America as they are in England. He records how they persecuted him in interviews, perverted his public utterances and caricatured his dealings with hotel managers and tradesmen, and, by way of parallel, he repeats the story, related in a burst of fury by Mr. Wells in his book on America a dozen years ago, of the barbarous assault upon Maxim Gorky. It is impossible to dispute Mr. Sinclair's autobiographical narrative, and incidents could hardly be more outrageous. But there is this to be added: Mr. Sinclair — intent, as he says, upon the exact facts — reveals himself as a quite impossible child. Time and again, on his own showing, he adopted a tone with the press which could in nowise have

gained his end. Ordinary human nature, and certainly editorial nature, simply will not rise to his kind of stimulus. No modern journalist can ever have asked quite so irresistibly for martyrdom.

Let us turn, however, from Mr. Sinclair's preposterous adventures among the editors to his general indictment of the press. It falls roughly under three heads. These are: 1. That if any man in America has put himself on record as an opponent of Big Business, an accuser of the dominant interests, he need look for no mercy from the newspapers; he is on the black list, and every effort will be made to destroy him. 2. That the press has an incurable habit of perverting the words and actions of speakers and public men; it systematically misrepresents them by false reporting or downright invention, and is ready to print any kind of stuff likely to discredit a reputation. 3. That the press is almost completely dominated by the great financial and industrial interests, which, in the cities of the entire American continent, own the papers, own their owners, or exert over the news columns a despotic power by virtue of advertisement patronage — the astonishing immunity enjoyed by the great department stores in all cities being one striking illustration of this power.

Now, it must be acknowledged that every visitor to the United States whose words and movements are reported knows something of the facts under the first two heads. Certainly it is true that, in no other country, has the press developed so satanic an ingenuity of perversion, so extraordinary a facility in presenting a man as a fool or an undesirable, in making him say or imply what never entered his mind. The evil is not to be explained in any simple fashion, but there are two contributory reasons which may be de-

scribed as constant. The first is that American reporters and interviewers do not use shorthand. The country which has produced the most efficient class of commercial stenographers in the world accepts the view that stenography is a drawback to the recording of public speech, and tolerates the practice of having the reporter's own language put within inverted commas as a verbatim transcript of what was said. The second reason is that a straight report of a meeting or interview is not news in the American newspaper world; it is not a story.

When he comes to deal with the third and most serious count in his indictment, Mr. Sinclair is brought up against the problem of the great American news agency. If it is true that the American Press, so far from being independent, is subservient to Big Business, we must conclude that control could not be exercised effectively save through some centralized organization serving all the daily papers that count. And that means the *Associated Press*. This immense agency for news collection and distribution has often enough been attacked. Mr. Sinclair has made its alleged iniquity the substantive thesis of his book.

The Associated Press is an organization some thirty years old. It supplies about nine hundred dailies in the United States with the news of the world. It is officially described as a mutual corporation, but it is not self-governing according to the usual sense of that term. On the contrary, it is a monopoly of the most rigid kind. The control does not rest with the nine hundred subscribing members or their elected representatives; it is vested in the owners or directors of about forty newspapers, who have held a privileged position since the agency was established. They include all the great capitalist newspapers of the continent.

Membership of the A.P. cannot be obtained by simple subscription to the service. The 'mutual' character of the corporation secures complete mutual protection. A company starting a new paper in a small town serving a fresh area can, without much difficulty, obtain the Associated Press franchise. But the franchise is beyond the reach of any person or company projecting a newspaper in an area already occupied by papers on the Associated Press roll. Hence, the promoters of new enterprises are driven to elaborate siege operations, and not seldom have been known to scheme years ahead for the purchase of a paper which holds the privileged service.

It should not be necessary to labor the point that a news agency so placed and operated is in a position of extreme difficulty and temptation. The world of Big Business is, to all intents and purposes, a unity of vital interest; and in a country like America an agency which controls the news is bound to be in alliance with the interlocked powers of finance and industry. It would be absurd to expect that an organization like the Associated Press would not have a full understanding with the great regional interests by which the public life of America is so largely dominated—the railroads and mines, steel and oil, wheat and lumber, cotton and beef. Any analysis of the influences reflected in the press would reveal the nature of the alliance.

Mr. Sinclair goes beyond this particular analysis. His specific object is to prove that the papers within the iron ring of the Associated Press have been, and are under corrupt influences which lead them to suppress or pervert the news, especially in the world of organized labor. For proof of this charge he relies principally on the record of the Colorado coal war of 1914. This certainly was one of the most terrible

series of events in the history of industrial strife, and Mr. Sinclair's evidence, though not helped by his manner of statement, is very damaging. Had he been writing a little later, he would have been in a position to add the history of the press in relation to later affairs — for example, the steel and coal and railroad strikes of the past year. As it is, he has made a plain challenge to the Associated Press in relation to certain incidents that are easily to be checked from the documents; and since his accusation has reached a large and influential section of the world's public, it would seem to be difficult for the Associated Press to ignore it.

As we have suggested, *The Brass Check* is, as a controversial missile, the most popularly effective at the moment. But it is by no means left to do the work alone. Labor movements and events share with the Russian revolution the foremost place among the current criteria of journalistic probity and sanity, and during the past year the American public has had opportunities of applying the test here also. Some weeks ago the *New Republic* published, as a special supplement, a survey of the telegrams, special articles, and editorial comment on Russia which had appeared in the most powerful daily in America, the *New York Times*, from the beginning of the revolution, comparing them with the facts as they ultimately became known. The job was done in a cool, scientific spirit, not as part of a crusade, but as a piece of socio-political analysis, a pioneer enterprise in a field which all self-govern-

ing peoples will be compelled to cultivate. There is nothing especially vicious about the record of the *New York Times* in relation to Russia. It was merely typical. Every journalist knows that, if a group of political students were to subject the record of the leading London newspapers to a similar test, the result would not be any less revealing or sensational — and, indeed, the project may be commended to the intelligence branch of the Labor party as one deserving their attention.

What, in any case, are the practical conclusions for those forces in the nation which, if we are to escape the violence of revolution, must before long be prepared for the assumption of political control? In America, journalists and progressive leaders are energetically debating various possible remedies for an evil that is admittedly ruinous to the commonwealth — for example, the establishment of coöperative news agencies; the effective linking, through their news services, of all progressive journals; the liberation of the journalistic craft from a servitude no longer supportable. But in England what is being done? Consider the terrific extent, and the undeniable success, of the anti-labor propaganda of the past six months. Consider the crushing effect of the daily *Herald* affair. Observe the papers that the vast majority of our voters, men and women, are reading — morning and afternoon, and particularly on Sunday. What are the men and women who hope to be the leaders of to-morrow going to do about it?

NEGRO NOTIONS IN AFRICA

BY DR. GÜNTER TESSMANN

WHITE planters, traders, and officials in our colonies generally ascribe to the negro's lack of capacity what is really due to his lack of will. I have convinced myself by many years' study of the uncivilized and civilized members of the black race, that their fundamental mental attributes and abilities are practically identical with our own, and that the adult negro's failure to widen his knowledge is due to lack of will and energy rather than to mental obtusity. We are all familiar with the fact that young negro children develop faster and learn more easily than white children of the same age. However, later, when about thirteen or fourteen years old, they begin to fall behind, while the whites continue to make progress. Negroes are not inferior to ourselves in powers of observation. If we explain a machine to a black man, for instance a motor boat, he soon learns how to run it; sometimes more quickly than a white man would. The difference between him and ourselves is that, within a couple of months, he will run the boat aground, or wreck it, while we will operate it without mishap for many years. Every negro believes that he can think as well and clearly as a white man. Consequently, he concludes that our mechanical improvements, such as firearms and machinery, have been given us directly or indirectly by God. This belief prevails not only among races in the interior, who have had little contact with the whites and consequently ascribe divine attributes to them, but also

among the civilized negroes who know that we are merely men like themselves. I have argued this question with my black boys time and again, until I was out of patience at their refusal to believe that our civilization was due to our industry, our mental efforts, and our ambition to progress. One of my men answered this by saying it was impossible; for we were like little children there in Africa, and I personally could not make a locomotive go unless I had a black fireman to help me. An old negro soldier insisted one day, to my great astonishment, that an angel of God had taught us to make rifles. Others think that we have, like Prometheus, stolen the designs of our machines from God on high.

I might summarize my own opinion of the mental capacity of the negro by saying that he can learn any practical vocation, say that of a soldier, a cook, a planter, a merchant, or an artisan, just as well as we can. He can become an excellent waiter, gardener, sailor, chauffeur, fireman, or servant. I mean, by this, that he can acquire manual mastery of these trades.

Before turning to my special subject, the negro's notions of the world about him, let me emphasize that we must guard against fancying that all the black men of Africa have the same mental outlook and ideas. In nearly every part of the Black Continent we find a mingling of races, some of which are not strictly negro, in addition to the aboriginal African population.

There is everywhere evidence of Semite or Hamite influence, or, as in Madagascar, of a Malay infusion. European notions have penetrated far into the interior with Arabs from the north. I wish to emphasize, therefore, that what I am about to say applies only to the black race proper, most of which speaks a Bantu language, and dwells in the southern part of Kamerun, on the French Congo, and through the greater part of the Belgian Congo, occupying mainly territories covered by dense forests. From this part of the true negro country the notions of the race have been disseminated wherever black people live, and in some instances, through race intermixture, to nations of lighter skin.

Negro notions of the surrounding world do not come ready-made from heaven any more than negro general culture, but have been developed from an earlier stage of primitive thinking. This primitive thought comes chiefly from two sources.

The oldest is the aboriginal African race, the Pygmies, who are a dwarf, hunting people. It is based on pure monotheism, a belief in a single God. God created man, who returns to him after death; but it is not a mere part of man which survives, not a soul, but the body itself. These primitive men believe, in other words, that God made them, and that their bodies will rise again after death. They have never discovered that their bodies decay and disappear; first, because they bury their dead in the earth, usually under a stream whose waters they divert and return to their natural course after the burial is completed; and second, because they are a nomadic hunting people without fixed abode, ever moving aimlessly through the boundless forests. They, therefore, never learn as a direct experience that their bodies are not immortal. The purity of their

rudimentary religion is accompanied by a corresponding purity of morals. I need only mention the virtue of their women, the practice of monogamy, and the absence of crime against morals, property, and human life.

The second and younger group of ideas I might designate as the 'spirit theory group.' Its principal exponents seem to have been the Bantus, who, however, have spread far beyond that part of the Black Continent where their speech now prevails, and have mingled everywhere with the aboriginal population. Their notions of the world were superimposed upon the simpler and more primitive notions of the Pigmy aborigines, and were the product of new needs, new demands on life; and coördinately with these new demands and experiences came new crimes, such as theft, murder, war, and laxer morals. With crime, disappeared the blessings which man previously possessed, and the idea arose from this that God was somewhat more remote. If God really wishes the welfare of humanity, how does it happen that there is evil in the world? How can a man talk with God and ask something from Him, if He is not in the immediate vicinity? How is a resurrection of the physical body possible when we see bodies of our enemies killed in war corrupting before our eyes? All these new questions, which the primitive nomadic tribes had never raised, were answered by conceiving the body of a man as consisting of two parts, one of which survived death and was named its spirit. Now there are good spirits coming from good men, and bad spirits coming from bad men. Good spirits act as agents between God and man. Bad spirits cause men's misfortunes, and in the end their death. The good spirits are working in harmony, or at the order of God, who wants men to be happy. The bad

spirits are working against His will, to some extent continuing their earthly career of sin. The notion that God maintains a general supervision over things and wishes men to be good and happy, but permits evil—conceived by the natives as wicked spirits who have so much influence over human fate—has produced two important qualities of character in the black man. They are a feeling of being God's man, or of being God's enemy. This idea is extended to apply to the spirits, which are likewise conceived as being God's friends and representatives, or the reverse.

This feeling of being God's man is a highly developed sentiment among the blacks. It expresses itself in a notion of dependence, or belonging to God. This feeling of being God's property involves the idea that God is obligated to provide for his property, and also that men are his children and must live the way He commands. These complex ideas are so closely associated in the negro's mind that he cannot separate them. His idea of being God's property is not synonymous with love; for the notion is one of reciprocal obligation. God, or his representative, must take care of his property and the man who belongs to Him must in return obey God's commands. Incidentally the negroes realize that the whites are their superiors in culture and religion, and they are naturally disposed to regard them as representatives of God. This explains their sense of a quasi-legal personal attachment to a white master; the same feeling, of being another's man, which they entertain toward their native chiefs.

The opposite of this sentiment, of being God's man, is the sentiment of being God's enemy, which a negro acquires if God does not grant him the blessings which he believes he has

honestly earned. In that case his vengeance is turned blindly against any person or persons in his vicinity enjoying those blessings, since he cannot take vengeance against God in person. In such a case, a negro will try to kill those men secretly, and this explains the widespread use of poison.

Naturally, the notion that evil is a defiance of God, carries with it the idea that God, or his representative, is entitled to inflict punishment for sin. From this is derived the belief that men who have done evil, and thus shown that they are offended with God, may be excluded by God's agents from Paradise when they die. This has developed into the belief that evil spirits finally go to hell. It is from this idea of punishment that God's representatives, for instance the chiefs, derive in the negro mind the right to inflict penalties on people who have committed crimes. Among the tribes who have preserved this notion in its purest form are the Bubi, of Fernando Po. They torture to death in the most cruel manner persons guilty of theft or crimes against morality. They do not permit children of the different sexes to play together. They tattoo a 'thief's mark' upon the face of a child caught pilfering and this disgraces him for his whole life. Children who have committed serious offenses are exposed to die on the reefs before the island. Such penalties are unheard of among most negro races; for they practically never punish their children in any way, and whipping is unknown.

The notions of man's relation to the Deity and to his fellow men, which I have just described, determine the conduct of negroes toward Europeans as well as toward their own people. From their notion of belonging to God they developed the belief of belonging to a master, or to a civilization. This attitude of mind, which most Europeans

value so much in their servants, and which induces them to form so many false opinions of the negroes as a race, is often confused with our sense of loyalty, although it is a sentiment which, like its opposite, the feeling of being an enemy, is something very different from loyalty as we conceive it. It is not loyalty which binds a servant to his master, or the black soldier to his officer, but merely a feeling of being his property, or being his dependent; and it is a sentiment which some trivial incident, for which the master oftentimes is in no way responsible, may convert into an opposite feeling. It is difficult or impossible for us white men to understand why and when this transformation of sentiment occurs. A negro will patiently endure mistreatment in a way that seems incredible to us. I know of cases where negroes have permitted themselves to be cursed and beaten, and unjustly treated, without leaving their masters. In most cases, we discover later that some existing or anticipated pecuniary advantage, or oftentimes the persuasion of the master's negro wife, are the real reasons why the servant shows such remarkable loyalty. Possibly, also, he may cherish a fear of punishment, or of some other evil which we are not aware. But eliminating all these motives, I know from many experiences that this feeling of dependence on a particular master is remarkably strong, and that all efforts to destroy it will prove unavailing—until some day, without any apparent reason, the servant bids you adieu, and disappears. As soon as he conceives that he has cause to be offended with his master, he deserts him. A man whom you could not shake off by any kind of treatment the day before will not remain an hour longer. A person who has worked as your cook for years will take sudden leave just before you give a

party, moved by some mysterious and incomprehensible sense of injury. If forced to stay a few days longer he will not rest until he has killed his master. From the moment when they believe the old relationship has ceased, women will poison their husbands, servants their masters, subjects their chiefs. Efforts in such cases to smooth over things by kindness, or by promises of higher pay, are at the best only temporarily successful. A man will come back shortly and ask more, and become increasingly exigent and impudent, fancying that he is indispensable. On the other hand, it is equally fruitless to try to undermine the man's sentiment of belonging to his master, provided there is not some such secret feeling of offense and alienation in the background.

Out of the negro's fundamental notions of the world and society he has evolved a third conception, a sort of universal dualism. According to the first and most primitive monotheistic idea group of the black race, which I have mentioned, God's home was on some high mountain in the vicinity. Later, the negroes came to believe that God lived at a great distance. According to a legend of the Pangwees, a tribe of Souther Kamerum: God said, 'I will travel to the west, but do not seek me there for I am going up to heaven itself.' The natives believe that God is angry with his children on account of the sins of the first human pair, a legend which prevails in almost the same form as the story of the serpent in the first Book of Moses.

This idea of the fall of man is a central thought in the negro conception of his relation to the world. It also explains why the negro cannot become a doctrinal Christian. No missionary can convince him that his own peculiar religious conception is false.

For the negro reasons thus: If a

father, who is all-powerful and all-knowing, and foresees all things, were to place a bottle of whiskey on a table instead of locking it up in a cupboard, he really wants his son to drink that whiskey, even though he may tell him a dozen times not to touch it. If he did not want him to drink it he would have locked up the bottle in the cupboard, because he would know that his son could not resist the temptation. If a thing is good, God is obligated to give it to his children. If it is bad, He should never let them see it. If He has shown men something bad and permitted them to be tempted, He must have wanted them to sin, and He must have wanted their second and the third and subsequent sins to be committed likewise. In other words, the negro believes that God wishes evil as well as good. This idea is expressed daily and hourly in Africa, consciously and unconsciously, and the negro acts upon his religious deductions from that belief. The idea that God has willed sin is taught in the great native religious societies, whose members are only men, and whose mysteries go back to earliest times. These orders have periodical ceremonies which usually last three days, during which youths are initiated to them. The new members are forced to express in a symbolic manner these thoughts: The first sin brought as its punishment, suffering, illness, and above all, death. At the same time the initiates are shown that good and evil exist not only among men, but everywhere in nature, and that both are willed by God. In a word, the initiates into these religious orders, as I might call them, are instructed in the great mysteries of nature; birth, life of two kinds—namely, good and evil—and death. The symbolical representatives of this idea through Western Africa are the familiar double heads, or double

masks. These symbolize the dual character of nature—primarily, its good and its evil aspect. Both exist, by the will of the Creator; both are equally justified, and so both combine and form a whole. Incidentally, the double mask sometimes signifies man and woman, in which man represents good and woman evil. Another subsidiary idea is the opposition of colors, especially bright and dark colors, which have finally crystallized into the contrast between red and white. In this case, the bright color, or white, is the color of evil, or death, an idea that is widely prevalent among primitive people. The thought that white is evil goes back to the moon, whose light is white; for the moon is the great symbol of evil, playing an important rôle in the world notions not only of the black race, but also of many ancient peoples. I need only allude to the worship of Isis in Egypt, and of Astarte among the Assyrians. Side by side with the cult of the moon as the evil principle, is that of the sun as the principle of good. The sun is represented by red. I have been present at these religious ceremonies among the Pangwe, in Southern Kamerun. At them I have seen a very beautiful representation of the struggle between the moon and the sun; that is, between evil and good, in which the two parties were reconciled at the end. The person representing the sun wore a crown of red feathers on his head. The men who represented evil were painted white. The latter carried a great banana leaf in front of them like a shield, and behind this ambuscade, if I may so describe it, they were hardly distinguishable. The sun chief began to dance like mad, and to threaten the representatives of evil with a symbolic weapon which he carried in his hand. He advanced, to a deafening accompaniment of drums and other native instruments, against

the representatives of evil, and the first time I saw this ceremony I supposed he would destroy them. But scarcely had he approached close to them when the latter threw down the banana leaf which protected them, and the sun chief suddenly made friendly overtures. Thereupon they withdrew in brotherly harmony from the ceremonial enclosure. At first I did not understand what the pantomime signified, but eventually I discovered that it possesses a deep meaning in the mind of the negro. It represents in expository art, what the double mask represents in plastic art; namely, the justification and the divine sanction of both good and evil. The man who represented the sun chief made gestures as if to destroy evil, but when it came to the point of action he reconciled himself with evil.

As a result of this belief in universal dualism, the negro is wont to classify all natural phenomena—often in a most artificial way—into two groups. Not only are the sun and the moon, and day and night, opposed to each other as opposites, but also fire and water, plants and animals, and among animals, for instance; the hen, as the good bird, and the owl as its opposite, or the bad bird.

In connection with this dualist conception of the world, let me mention one more fact; that the cross is employed to express this thought. The true negro cross has one beam white and the other red. It is to them an intimidating symbol, a *memento mori*; for the white beam means death cutting the red beam, which means life. It thus reverses the Free Mason symbolism, where the cross stands for the victory of life and goodness over death and evil.

Now we come to the question of what qualities these notions of the world, inculcated by thousands of

years of tradition, have created in the negro, and what practical results we can draw from them. First of all there is the black man's profound impulse to divide everything, whether it be of a physical or an immaterial character, into two parts—a good part and an evil part. First, man himself, conceived of by the Pygmies as a unit, was divided by the Bantus into a visible part, the body, and an invisible part, which separated from the body after death, or the spirit. Then the negro conceived that the physical body itself was not a unit but was also composed of two parts. The first, he thinks, is purely material. It does nothing of its own impulse, and is good. The other is the aggregate qualities which exist in the body, and make it evil. It performs positive acts which are more or less disagreeable and so are evil. I might designate this personality incorporated in the visible body as the 'body spirit.' The idea that this 'body spirit' has a personality of its own, and can leave the body itself, accounts for the widely prevalent native belief in witchcraft. But the negro has gone further than that, and has divided the spirit into two parts the way he does the body. He thinks of a spirit substance and a spirit personality.

This tendency to divide everything into two parts, one good and the other evil, is naturally applied to individuals and also to personal qualities. Let me give an example of this from my own experience.

I brought with me to Fernando Po an intelligent young negro from the interior of Kamerun. He was naturally much interested in the war. When newspapers arrived, such as *Jugend* or *Simplicissimus*, he looked them over with great interest, and wanted to have everything explained. He discussed the prospects of the two opponents and their battles like a future

general. He talked of Russia and Serbia as if he had been there personally. Whenever I was optimistic he would object: 'Yes, but England has ships. England rules the sea. It will be hard to conquer England.' I told him once of a report which came in the newspapers of a German lieutenant who, while in bathing and without weapons or clothing, captured three armed Frenchmen. That was a new thing for my negro boy. His first impulse was to laugh hilariously over the three Frenchmen, and he described to me how the lieutenant must have grabbed them and how they, trembling, threw down their guns and preceded him to prison. But then the dualist idea at once bobbed up: 'The thing is incredible. The lieutenant must have been afraid.' 'Afraid?' 'Yes, he was afraid of the Kaiser, who said to him, "You must bring me some prisoners at once, or I'll make you regret it and put you in jail."' I replied that the man had just gone out for a swim and had no special orders. Whereupon he went off to ruminate. I was deeply immersed in my work a little later when he ran up laughing and gesticulating. 'I've got it,' he shouted from a distance. 'The lieutenant was afraid.' 'How so?' 'He was afraid, only his head was strong.' He meant by that, that the fundamental feeling of the lieutenant was fear, and like all other feelings it had its seat in the stomach. However, just at that moment, his quality of thinking, which was in his head, got the mastery of his fear; and the thinking of the lieutenant would be: 'Now you must take those Frenchmen prisoners or they will take you.' You see the negro did not conceive anything as exclusively good. There must always be some evil motive along with the other. A man who constantly seeks such a motive always finds it. His attitude toward the Kaiser was the same.

He thought he was the greatest man in the world, and studied pictures of him in all positions, saluting and not saluting, in a rain coat and without; leading a Frenchman behind him as a prisoner, and sitting in a theatre as the first among the royalty of Europe. But he also tried to belittle him. When I showed him a picture in *Auslandsecho*, representing the supreme war lord on horseback with a peaceful country background, above the legend 'The Kaiser in the Field' and told him what it represented, he said quite unaffectedly: 'You've turned it round. He has not gone into battle, because he's afraid.' When the negroes are so keen to detect evil qualities in soldiers, who are the only persons they really honor, what are we to expect them to think of men engaged in other callings?

The white man originally was regarded as a divinity in Africa, but everywhere sooner or later he lost his halo. Still, before the war, the negro saw that white men observed certain formal courtesies in their mutual relations, and respected each other's personal dignity. However, the war has destroyed utterly the former veneration for the whites. The negroes' account of white men who are not soldiers runs like this: The traders ask a higher price for a thing than they paid for it, so they are cheats. They always describe traders as of a miserable race, which hunts for money in the black man's country, and steals the land and property of the people. Missionaries promise all sorts of fine things, but they are liars. Scientists and explorers are the biggest liars of all. The young negro I have just mentioned once said to me: 'There will be many, many lies in the book you are writing about us. I am learning to read and I shall buy your book and tear it all to pieces, and say that it is all lies.'

These instances illustrate a danger-

ous element in the political character of the negroes. They suddenly manifest unpredictable revolutionary impulses to tear down everything about them. When I tried to impress on my black comrades in the wilderness the evil traits in the negro race — traits which they frequently recognize themselves — they would discover that these had a good side also, and that I was entirely in the wrong. The blacks were fine people. They loved each other and were children of God. They would get to heaven even without Christianity as quickly as I would.

Most whites, even those who have resided for many years in Africa, fail to recognize what a great power the black race will be when it once gets on its feet. The war has helped it a considerable distance along this path. The negro mind, with its unshakable primitive view of the world — a view which may seem passive to the superficial observer, and to render its holders plastic recipients of Christian culture — speedily imbues the new ideas it receives from us with its own preconceptions; and instead of simplifying our teachings these primitive thinkers complicate them. The negroes will be the real masters, if not the nominal masters, of Africa at a by no means distant date. In some respects, they were so before the war, at least in certain English colonies and in Fernando Po. Before long a majority of them will belong to the Christian Church, where, as at Hayti, they will transform that religion to agree with their own fundamental dualism.

One of my black boys was so presumptuous and conceited about the negroes, that I tried to describe to him in detail some of our improved weapons and mechanical inventions, and told him that negroes were too indolent and apathetic to devise such weapons, or to make any real progress

of their own initiative. I argued that they would therefore always be dependent on the whites, whereupon he protested vigorously in words that seem worthy repeating in the original pidgeon of the Anglo-African coast:

'Got he say, whiteman be big, he long make gentle, yellowman small gentle, fallow them, blackman be people for work for them. Like got he say, blackman must make gun and steamer, then them make all good, them go pass whiteman. Sometime them go take whiteman country and blackman and yellowman, them all make war for whiteman, plenty war go be and plenty trouble, denn who make work for them if blackman no here more for them?' This means in substance: 'God said that the whites should be great and rich people. The yellow race should be like them but less so; and that the black men should labor for them. If God told the black man to make rifles and steamers they would make good ones, and indeed better than the whites. Some day perhaps they will conquer the white man's country and the black man and the yellow man will all make war on the whites and the whites will have to fight many battles and have many killed. Then who will work for them if the black men refuse to do so?'

Should a fanatical black missionary or native priest arise and win wide influence throughout Africa by preaching: 'God has said that Africa should belong to the Africans,' the tempest would break loose. We saw a small example of what they would mean in 1905 in East Africa. The world has still to pay the penalty for the great error which our enemies in the World War committed, when they employed Africans to fight Europeans. They thus destroyed the veneration and respect for the whites which formerly existed in Africa. A black proletariat

is rapidly rising, which regards white men, no matter what their nationality and vocation, as brutal oppressors, whiskey sellers, Christianity grafters, industrial slaves, and cannon fodder.

[*Journal de Genève* (Swiss Liberal Republican Daily), October 11]

CARLSBAD

BY PAUL SEIPPEL

A PERSON does not change countries in going from Prague to Carlsbad, but he does change peoples. A traveler arriving at the latter city finds himself in a German industrial town of towering factory chimneys — a town more faithful to the memory of the Hohenzollerns than the cities of their former empire. He is confronted by a 'Wilhelm II Hotel', and a 'Bismarck Boulevard' leading to 'Bismarck Heights.' In vain does the government refer to the town in official documents as *Carlovy Vary*. It remains unshakably German.

Here the Germans of Bohemia form a compact block. In conversing with the people either of the country or of the city, and of whatever social class, one speedily discovers that they are anything but loyal adherents of the new government, and that they are passionately attached to the German *Reich*. The war and the chaos which has followed have not weakened in the slightest their pan-German aspirations. Czecho-Slovakia has here its Ireland. In order to win their allegiance, the new government must be patient and liberal. In Bohemia, as elsewhere, federalism promises the best solution.

Leaving the manufacturing quarter for the Tepl valley, where the great Sprudel spring and seventeen rivals offer a choice of waters to visitors, we leave behind us the rather depressing

atmosphere which greets our first arrival. In the vicinity of the baths the war has left no traces. The menus are as varied as ever. One finds lodgings in furnished apartments, and has a choice of restaurants of every class in the city or the country. Little places of entertainment are even hidden away in the forests. They are scattered all along the tortuous course of the Tepl, whose brown waters abound in trout. None of these is more charming than the Posthof, where Goethe, who passed a dozen seasons at Carlsbad, loved to hold court. The tables are spread under the shade of magnificent trees among *parterres* of roses. In the afternoon at the concert the view is charming. The *Kur Kappel* plays perfectly a Mozart symphony. The sun's rays filter through the leaves of the chestnut trees, touching here and there with prismatic rays a slender Bohemian goblet, the brilliant red silk of a parasol, or the golden tresses of some elegant lady visitor. Here and there blue cigar smoke hovers over the throng. People smoke like mad. Doubtless this is because tobacco is the only thing still rationed. Each visitor receives a card permitting him to buy six cigars a week — please note, not seven — but there are plenty of illegal traffickers. One can buy all he wishes from them. Gentry of the same kind enable the restaurants to offer such varied and luxurious menus. Prices are fairly moderate for a Swiss, but impossible for most natives of the country.

How many poor families must suffer for the abundance which a few privileged people here enjoy. While the bathers are eating the finest white bread, the poor people of Carlsbad have no bread at all. On one's country walks he meets ragged, emaciated, bare-footed beings, more miserable than the French peasants before the

Revolution. When entering my hotel in the elegant Westend quarter, I saw a young girl of perhaps fifteen years old, unloading a cart of coal. Her poor, emaciated body was but half covered with sordid rags. I chanced to catch for a moment the sad, hopeless expression in her hollow eyes, and recalling it, my white bread almost choked me at my evening meal.

Side by side with all this misery is the prodigal luxury I have described. The fine shops along the *Alte Weise* exhibit lavish displays of costly furs and laces, and of dainty gowns that could almost be packed in an egg shell. Every one is gambling madly. The annex of a vast hotel, which overlooks the whole countryside, has been converted into a gambling hall. Its doors are open all night long. A staff of French *croupiers* is running it. They are very dignified gentlemen. The house has been licensed in return for sixty-six per cent of the net profits, which go to replenish the depleted treasury of the city. It is not correct that the Czech government is trying to ruin Carlsbad, as is commonly reported in Switzerland. But is the remedy not worse than the evil?

Formerly this was a rendezvous of the most cosmopolitan, the noblest, and the most elegant society of Europe. There it dined and danced, led its joyous, carefree life. Austrians, Hungarians, Poles, and Russians, competed in ostentation and display. A marble tablet bears the names of numerous members of the Russian Imperial family who have honored the hall of Mühlbrunn with their august presence. All Europe has visited Carls-

bad. The Empress Eugenie appeared there like a brilliant meteor. William II used to exhibit his turned-up moustache in Carlsbad, where he may have met Clemenceau, who had the reputation of being the earliest riser among the visitors.

But those times are dead and gone. To-day the throng which crowds the colonnades of a morning is hardly up to commonplace in appearance. Its members are either unbecomingly over-dressed or utterly neglectful of their personal attire. To-day one finds the sons of Israel, with whom Carlsbad has always been popular, in a vast majority. They are the masters now and know it. The man who gives tone to a whole assemblage is the successful profiteering smuggler. In order to surround his august person with appropriate dignity he will rent a whole floor of some expensive hotel. His suite may contain many bathrooms though it is not a matter of habit with him to use them. In the evening, after having bet bundles of thousand-crown notes at baccarat, he visits the dancing parlors, lounges in a big luxurious easy chair, drinks champagne frappé, smokes an enormous Havana, and lets his puffy eyes range over the half nude dancers.

Happily, however, the great forests remain. A hundred steps and you have escaped from this villainous world of fashion. The wind sighs among the pine trees; the wild flowers shiver where the breeze sweeps through the clearings. One can stretch himself upon the ground, which everywhere sparkles with little specks of mica, and enjoy the solitude.

KAISER AND CHANCELLOR

[With the permission of the publishers we print the following short extracts from Erzberger's book *Experiences in the World War*; because they throw light upon the political blunders and self-esteem of Wilhelm II, and upon hindrances which Imperial Chancellor Michaelis placed in the way of peace at the instance of the Higher Army Command.]

IN consequence of a wish which I had expressed before the committee on July 6, information reached the Reichstag that the Kaiser desired an interview with the various party leaders. Nevertheless, the new Imperial Chancellor was appointed without consulting any of our members. It was the last instance in the history of the Empire where that occurred. Subsequently, however, the Kaiser yielded to our widely expressed desire, when he received representatives of all the parties except the Independent Socialists, at the Interior Office, just after the Reichstag adopted the July Peace Resolution. The delegates from the parties were nicely arranged in a row and presented to the Kaiser by Chancellor Michaelis and Vice-Chancellor Helfferich. The Kaiser spoke a few words to each. He said to Fehrenbach, later President in the Reichstag, who was introduced just ahead of me, and had delivered a speech defending the Peace Resolution the previous day, that he and his wife, as elderly people who had six sons in active service, had read the speech with great interest. Then the Kaiser mentioned our success in the Eastern front the day before, saying it was no 'Parliamentary offensive,' in order to put the Reichstag in good humor. His son Fritz had commanded a division of the guards which had 'dusted the Republican dust' off the Russians.

After he had been introduced, the Kaiser conversed with some of the delegates — first of all with Ebert, who is now President of Germany. During the conversation unimportant non-political matters were first mentioned. Gradually, however, quite a group gathered around the Kaiser, who then began to discuss political conditions. To every one's surprise the Kaiser remarked that it was a good thing that the Reichstag wanted a 'peace of compromise' (the fact was that the resolutions did not contain these ambiguous words, which were tenaciously opposed by the Higher Army Command); that the word compromise was a fine one. He had learned it from this gentleman — thereupon he pointed to Vice-Chancellor Helfferich, who was just serving him cigarettes. The compromise, however, consisted in our taking gold, raw materials, cotton, ore, and oil, away from our enemies and putting them in our own pockets; it was a very fine word. The members of the majority parties not only saw to their dismay that the Kaiser knew nothing of their real wishes, but felt that they were being insulted by his remarks.

The Kaiser's further observations were along the same general line; England and America had concluded an alliance in order to settle things with Japan after the war. He knew definitely that Russia had formed an alliance

with Japan to defeat this object. He declared further that the present war would not end with England's defeat; but that at its conclusion he would reach an understanding with France and then with the whole European Continent behind him, he, the Kaiser, would fight the real war, the war against England, which he designated as a Second Punic War. We delegates felt our indignation rising higher. Referring to a battle in Galicia a few days previously, the Kaiser mentioned again that the Prussian guards, headed by his son Fritz, 'had dusted the Democratic dust off the Russians' coats.' Then the Kaiser added verbatim, 'Where the Guard appears there is no democracy.' Turning to me he mentioned my doubts as to the success of the submarine campaign, saying that the whole eastern coast of Europe was lined with wrecks of vessels and that, inside of two or three months, that country 'would be finished.' Four million tons of wheat were awaiting shipment in Australia but England could not get it. The Kaiser concluded this comment by saying: 'My officers report to me that they find no enemy vessels whatever on the high sea.' I replied that if that were so, I could not understand how the navy staff reported that six hundred thousand tons were being sunk monthly. Thereupon the Kaiser turned his back to me with an irritated gesture. A moment later, shifting the conversation to the improvement of our waterways, the Kaiser developed a fanciful plan for diverting the lower course of the Danube to the Black Sea by an entirely new route, so as to leave the International Danube Commission, with its headquarters at Braila, high and dry. He said that it would be a well merited punishment for Roumania's breach of faith, to deprive the kingdom of the Danube thorough-

fare. When I commented that the Roumanian people were very poor, and had often only one garment to their backs, the Kaiser interrupted that, when he was a young prince he spent some time in the Foreign Office, and Bismarck observed to him: 'So long as those people down east wear their shirts outside their trousers they are sensible chaps. As soon as they wear them inside, and put some royal order on their breast, they are dirty dogs.' Laughing over this refined remark he closed the interview.

The whole meeting between the Kaiser and the members of the Reichstag was not only most unfortunate at the time, but it contributed in no small degree to create the sentiment which finally overthrew the monarchy. Old grizzled Reichstag members, who hitherto would not tolerate the suggestion of a Parliamentary system, said openly after this that the present method of government would precipitate Germany into disaster. Unhappily, we lacked the resolution to set about immediate reform. This was the first interview which the Kaiser had had with the representatives of the nation for nearly twenty years. It was also his last one.

On August 1, 1917, the Pope addressed his well known appeal for peace to the Great Powers. It was published in Germany about the middle of the month. A committee of seven members of the Reichstag was chosen to advise upon the terms of Germany's reply. That committee informed the Chancellor that the answer to the Pope's note should make it perfectly clear that Germany was ready to restore the complete independence of Belgium. While this answer was under discussion, the Chancellor received a copy of the despatch delivered to the Vatican by

the British Ambassador at the instruction of his government and with the approval of France. This despatch asked for a clear statement of Germany's war aims, and especially of its intentions with regard to Belgium. It did not ask for a public statement, but for a confidential statement to be made at the earliest possible moment to the Holy See. The copy of this despatch was accompanied by a letter from the Papal Nuncio, in which he said: 'His Eminence has instructed me to call the attention of Your Excellency particularly to the point which relates to Belgium, and to obtain from you: 1. A definite statement regarding the intentions of the Imperial Government with respect to the complete independence of Belgium, and compensation for the damage which Belgium has suffered through the war; 2. An equally precise statement of the guarantees for political, economic, and military independence which Germany demands. If this statement is satisfactory His Eminence believes that important progress will have been made in these negotiations.'

The Imperial Chancellor took almost a month to reply to the communication of Nuncio of August 30, not thanking him until September 24 for 'his kind transmission of the interesting communication.' He did, indeed, say that the Imperial Government was in complete sympathy with the efforts of the Cardinal 'for the immediate conclusion of a just and permanent peace'; that it endorsed the opinion, 'that a precise definition of war aims will open the road to an eventual agreement between the belligerent powers; and that, in this connection, questions relating to Belgium ought to receive first consideration.' However, the Chancellor then interpolated an observation in his reply that had nothing to do with ending

the war and concluding peace, a historical observation which might be all right as a momentary expression of feeling, but ought not to have been included in a diplomatic negotiation. This was the question of responsibility for the war, which our opponents tried to throw entirely on our own shoulders, thereby making it impossible for us because of our 'different views and sentiments . . . to meet them for discussing the possibility and the conditions of peace.' These are words which are utterly foreign to diplomacy, and have an exclusively military flavor.

Neither the communication of the Nuncio nor the English telegram had raised this question, nor the question of who was victor or vanquished; our enemies were merely seeking a path to peace. The Chancellor shoved that question to one side; if Germany's enemies believed that they had 'stated their war aims in their reply to President Wilson's note he would like to call their attention to the fact.'

That the war aims specified in that instance could not be considered in an exchange of views between the two parties, since they proceeded upon an assumption which, thanks to the determination of the German people, would never be realized: namely, the complete defeat of Germany and its Allies.

Were Germany, on its side, to proceed on the assumption of the complete defeat of the Entente, peace would not be promoted, 'since the differences between the demands of the two parties would be so great that even with the best will in the world one must despair of coming to an agreement.'

Accordingly it was laid down that the negotiations must start on a basis of peace without victory. After all this theoretical discussion, which had nothing whatever to do with the practical problem of peace, but merely served to confuse the issue, the Imper-

ial Chancellor declined to answer the question which was of greatest importance and was to involve the fate of Germany to give a definite answer regarding Belgium. His exact words were:

As matters stand to-day we are not in a position to grant Your Excellency's wishes and to make a definite declaration regarding the intentions of the Imperial government in respect to Belgium, and in respect to the guaranties which we would require. Our refusal is in no respect due to a disinclination of the Imperial government to express itself on this point as a matter of principle; nor to our underestimating the decisive importance of this question for concluding peace; nor because my government believes that a statement of its intentions and of the guaranties which it considers indispensably necessary might form an insuperable obstacle to peace; but merely because certain preliminary conditions which we consider unconditionally necessary before we issue such a definite statement have not been made sufficiently clear.

It will be the effort of the Imperial government to clarify these conditions; and it hopes, if circumstances favor its efforts, to be able in the not distant future to inform Your Excellency of the aims and necessary demands of the Imperial government in respect to Belgium.

This reply abruptly ended the promising effort at peace intervention began by the Pope.

I learned in my interview with the Nuncio in October, 1917, that it would be impossible for the time being to remedy this situation. The only thing we could have done, would have been to reverse the policy we had thus far pursued of confining our communications to ambiguous courtesies. Peace was postponed indefinitely. Both the Pope and England could not fail to be bitterly disillusioned by the cloudiness and shiftiness of our reply of September 24. Both England and the Pope anticipated a business-like, if only a suggestive, declaration from us upon the Belgium question. Nothing could be done with the answer as it was actually delivered. The Entente had no faith in Germany's honesty, or in the possibility of getting a statement from the German government regarding Belgium which would justify further negotiations.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

EDUCATION

PUPILS of American high schools and academies will be interested to read Mr. Squire's account of his schooling in England. A classical education has been the foundation of the character of the world's most cultivated and able men down to our own days. Yet how fantastic the process of this education appears! My own school days, spent in a run-down academy with a famous history, were not unlike these of Mr. Squire. I hated it all then, but now I find myself fairly good at translating Latin.

The scene was vividly visible and audible to me. I was again in a large, half paneled room. At a raised desk sat a man in a university gown and in front of him, their desks littered with books, sprawled some thirty or forty little boys. The air hummed with innumerable subdued noises. A small boy with rough hair and surprised eyebrows was suddenly called on to construe. After a whisper to his neighbor he stood up with an air of most amiable alacrity:

'O Venus — O Venus — *regina* — queen — *Cnidi Paphique* — of Cnidus and Paphus.'

'Os, os,' interposed the master, mildly.

'*Sperne* — spurn — *dilectam Cypron* — delectable Cyprus — *et* and . . .'
There was a pause.

'Well, go on.'

'I can't find the verb,' said the small boy; then with sudden triumph, as though it had been dodging about, 'I've got it! *Transfer!* — transfer — *te* —

thyself — *decoram in aedam* — to' (his voice quavered interrogatively) 'to the . . . decorated house?'

'Come, come. You know better than that. You know what *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori* means — it is sweet and fitting to die for one's country.'

'The well-fitted house?' the small boy suggested humbly, but with a smile to make up for a possible blunder. The master smiled, too: 'No, no. The word suggests reverence, something almost sacred. Taken together with the noun, the phrase *decoram in aedam* might almost be rendered "shrine," or, if you like, "gracious house" would do. Go on.' While he was speaking the small boy's eyes had been fixed with absent-minded wonder on his face.

'*Vocantis Glycerae*' (should he risk it?) — of shouting Glycerine.' (General titters.)

'If you play the fool you will sit down and write out the lesson. Sit down.'

'But, sir!'

'Sit down!'

'But, sir, *vocantis* does mean shouting or calling.'

'Sit down!! I'll go on construing. This is poetry; follow carefully and bring me a translation to-morrow: "Of Glycera who invokes thee, *multo ture* — with much — or perhaps better — with a wealth of incense. *Fervidus tecum puer* — with thee may thy glowing boy." Who was her glowing boy?' (General, mild astonishment.)

'Yes, who was the son of Venus?'

'Oh, Cupid,' someone remarked with indifference.

'Of course. "With thee may thy glowing boy and the Graces and the Nymphs with unloosened zones"—are you following?—"hasten hither, and Youth, who lacking thee is not charming." Here the master had a fit of coughing, and ended rather lamely with 'And Mercury.'

'Quite a party,' said the small boy who had been made to sit down. (Laughter.)

'You will write out the lesson twice.'

'But, sir! . . .'

'If you speak again you will write it out four times and I'll report you for impertinence.'

That is how I was educated; hour after hour, day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, until I was seventeen.

An odd education, when one comes to think of it. I do not say that most boys would not be also bored by learning chemical formulæ. But the first drawback to classical education is that, even when thoroughly absorbed, it does little to train the part of us which is most responsive to education, namely our judgment. The second is that it turns away the attention of those who afterward largely determine the action of the state and the education of others, from the truth that our existence on this planet depends on the knowledge and conquest of nature. The most persuasive statement I know of the claim of science to the first place in education is Sir Ray Lankester's book, *The Kingdom of Man*.

J. C. S.

Mrs. Asquith and Stevenson

MRS. ASQUITH has apologized for the appearance, in the American issue of her autobiography, of an account of her meeting in Switzerland with John Addington Symonds, in which she attributed to Symonds the remark that Mrs. Symonds suffered a good deal

from the visits of Robert Louis Stevenson and his wife to her house at Davos. 'Louis slept with his back to the light, and Mrs. Louis in the same bed with her face to it; they wrote opposite each other till after lunch; they were not particular, and what with hæmorrhages, ink, and cold mutton gravy, her beautiful sheets were spoiled.' Sir Sidney Colvin has stated vehemently in the *Weekly Dispatch* that the story must be untrue because the Stevensons never stayed with the Symonds while they were at Davos. It is, we think, very unlikely that Mrs. Asquith would make a mistake of this kind. Probably J. A. Symonds did make the complaint. Mrs. Asquith's offense consists not in inventing the story, but in failing to perceive that to publish it, however true it may be, would inevitably give pain to many people. We are ourselves all for candor in autobiography. But to be candid about other people, and to reveal their intimate conversations to the public is an act of peculiar insensitiveness. Mrs. Asquith evidently lacks imagination.

The Knight of the Burning Pestle

LONDON is to see in the immediate future a revival of Beaumont and Fletcher's famous burlesque *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*. Last autumn Mr. Nigel Playfair was responsible for a successful revival of the burlesque at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, and in June it was announced that he hoped to revive it in the near future at the Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith. The success of *The Beggar's Opera*, however, has prevented any immediate realization of this ambition, and arrangements have accordingly been made by which Mr. Bronson Albery will present Mr. Playfair's production at the Kingsway Theatre on Wednesday, November 24. New settings for the old airs have been arranged, and

additional music has been composed by Mr. Frederick Austin, who was responsible for the supervision of the music for *The Beggar's Opera*.

'Right Royal'

MR. JOHN MASEFIELD'S new poem, *Right Royal*, named after the English thoroughbred horse whose race against odds forms the central theme of the work, and an English edition of Roland Dorgeles' novel, *Wooden Crosses*, which has been one of the outstanding successes in French literature on the war, will be published soon by Heinemann.

Flecher's Prose

JAMES ELROY FLECHER, who died in 1915, is not a poet whose reputation will be increased by his prose work. As a poet he was noteworthy in an age of change and indecision for his deliberate allegiance to the French Parnassian school, and wrote *The Golden Journey to Samarkand* to uphold his principles of word-craftsmanship. *Collected Prose*, however, has no classic significance. The jeweled phrases and carefully chiseled periods of his verse find no place here. It is good average writing, but without much distinction. The volume contains a number of sketches, a dialogue on education, and some critical studies—all, in fact, of the most important of Flecher's prose work except his novel, *The King of Alsander*.

First Editions of Conrad

THOSE with first editions of Mr. Conrad's books may consider themselves fortunate. *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, published by Heinemann in 1898, reached £9 5s. at Hodgson's recently; and *Chance* (more to our surprise, as we believe the first edition of 1913 was large) fell at 10 guineas.

The Huxley Biography

LEONARD HUXLEY, son of the great Thomas Henry Huxley, has just published an authoritative life of his distinguished father.

This is not a full-dress biography, nor a detailed history of Huxley's scientific investigations and philosophical researches; it is a very intimate and revealing character study of the man himself, showing 'not so much the work done as what manner of man Huxley was, and the spirit in which he undertook that work.' Some of his heretical views are accepted now even by the orthodox; most of the theological controversies in which he became involved have ceased to have much importance for most of us; and many who are middle-aged enough to remember what a bogey of agnosticism, and even atheism, his opponents made of him will perhaps succumb with something of surprise to the charm and unswerving righteousness of his personality as it grows upon one in his son's brief story of his life and record of his sayings. There needs no knowledge of his high achievements in science to enable one to read this sympathetic and brilliant character sketch with understanding and profound interest; it tells as much of his work as is essential to a complete realization of the man; his ruling passion for truth at all costs, his eager industry in the pursuit of it, his shrewd humor and the gracious human qualities that made him lovable as well as admirable.

John Evelyn and the Coal Strike

JOHN EVELYN, of whom Mr. Biron wrote an entertaining paper which we recently republished, would have viewed with complacency the prospect of a prolonged coal strike. In his day he railed with vehemence against the poisoning of the 'aer' with the pernicious 'smoake' of 'sea coale,' and de-

plored 'with just indignation' that London should 'wrap her stately head in clouds of smoake and sulphur so full of stink and darknesse.'

Wise old diarist!

Mr. Stephen Graham

AN important volume on the question of the future of the black races is announced by Messrs. Macmillan in the shape of Mr. Stephen Graham's *Children of the Slaves*. Mr. Graham has been making a special study of the problem of the negro in the United States, and he here offers an estimate of the progress of the race since it acquired its freedom. The author tramped across Georgia on the track of Sherman's march, and visited Virginia, Tennessee, Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, and the reaches of the Mississippi. He gives a detailed picture of the new negro educated class, doctors, lawyers, ministers, bankers, and journalists, and suggests many fresh ideas upon a tonic of absorbing social interest.

The Passing of Verhaeren

No incident in recent times has electrified the literary world of Europe more painfully than the terrible death of Verhaeren, who was crushed by a train at the moment when he was returning to Paris from lecturing at Rouen on November 27, 1916. A multitude of works have since borne testimony to the universal regard which is felt for the man who was unquestionably the greatest poet of his time in

any country; but among these tributes none is more pleasant or, at the end, more painful than the volume which M. de Poncheville has just published.* As is well known, Verhaeren spent most of his time in an apartment at St. Cloud, but he had also a country house, called Caillou-qui-bique, on the Belgian frontier, between Mons and Valenciennes. Here, among his roses, deep in the woods, he preserved his intimate treasures.

He was at St. Cloud when the German invasion took place, and what happened to his Belgian home he could never learn. The last time I saw him — he came into Paris to pay me a visit in September, 1916 — he had a glimmer of hope that it had escaped damage. As a matter of fact, the Germans knew all about it, and they had robbed it of its most valuable pictures, books, and manuscripts, which had been sent to Berlin, but they had spared the structure. It is now understood that in the final retreat of 1918 a party of German 'ballonnistes' (whatever they may be!) turned aside to Verhaeren's happy valley, and completely destroyed the house and everything in it, at the close of which pretty business they were disturbed by an English regiment. All this, and a great deal that is earlier and happier, must be read in M. de Poncheville's little book, which is garrulous, tender, and discursive, as such a book of affectionate memories should be.

* *Verhaeren en Hainaut*. 4 frs. Mercure de France.

[*The National Review*]
PEKING REVISITED

BY J. O. P. BLAND

At the railway terminus, where the Tientsin evening express comes to rest in the shadow of the grim old wall by the Chienmên, and you feel your way out, as of old, by the narrow path that leads through the water-gate to the Wagons-lits Hotel, the times and tides of revolution have wrought but little visible change in the familiar scene. Indeed, one's first feeling here, as in other Chinese cities (as distinct from the Treaty Ports), is a grateful and comfortable sense of the sound and sane stability of this people and a renewed appreciation of its abiding virtue in a world of change. And this feeling grows upon you the longer you stay in Peking, in spite of all the surface indications of modernism and undercurrents of unrest.

Many things have happened, it is true, in the years that have gone since last we passed out by this same water-gate. The Dragon Throne no longer 'sways the wide world'; Yuan Shih-k'ai has been gathered to his fathers and a strange new flag floats over the Presidential Mansion in the Forbidden City. In the brand new highways that lead to the modern-style government offices, and in the Legation quarter, you will see dignitaries of state in motor-cars, wearing hideous fur-collared overcoats, who, in bygone days, used to ride in green palanquins with eight bearers. And in the evening, at a Waichiaopu dance, you may meet these same worthies, wearing dress clothes, all covered with stars and ribbons, and looking as if they had sold their birth-

right of Oriental dignity for a mess of alien pottage. You may even see some of their wives, in fearful and wonderful garments, aping the manners and customs of the barbarian, and you may hear much windy talk of the awakening of China and the dawn of the New Era.

You may hire a motor-car which will drive you, over a well metaled road, even unto the western hills; and they will show you aeroplanes and wireless telephones, and many other stalled white elephants of recent importation, to prove that the republic is keeping up to date and that the old business of government contracts is as lucrative as ever. And you may see an imposing Marconi mast, rising from the grounds of the Japanese Legation (a new landmark which tells its own tale, for him that hath ears to hear), and many other signs and portents of change, political and administrative.

And yet, despite all these things, the impression which grows upon one and persists is that of the deep-rooted immutability of this wise old centre of the Chinese system. What, after all, are these straws on the shifting winds of change, compared with the abiding testimony which confronts you here on every side, in the monuments of the past and in the minds of men? Look down, over the Legation quarter, beyond the yellow roofs of the Imperial City, to the distant gates and guard houses that mark the circumference of the city walls: except in the near foreground, where new buildings have re-

placed the devastations of the Boxers, all the old *feng-shui*, the haunts of countless tutelary gods, are undisturbed. And even in the Legation quarter, with all its display of defensive battlements and glacis, there are many familiar sights and sounds to recall the days of Parkes and Wade, when the glamour of mystery and the tradition of vast power still lingered about the Dragon Throne and made it something of an adventure for a white man to live in the shadow of the Forbidden City.

In the spacious grounds and beautiful old buildings of the British and French Legations, in the garden of the great 'I.G.' in the general features of Legation Street, aye, even in the aspect of the deserted German 'Fu,' the passing years have left but little trace. At the British Legation the *ting-chai*, who takes your card with a broad smile of welcome, is the same man who took it, at the same door, thirty years ago. The old *kan-men-ti* at the Customs Inspectorate was guardian of this same gateway when to-day's Commissioners were students. The placid-faced old Shantung man, with his heavy bundle of silks and embroideries, is the same who sat patiently at your doorstep a generation ago. His goods, alas, are not what they used to be in pre-Boxer days, and before the silk-dyers learned the insidious uses of German anilines, but age has not withered nor custom staled this kindly soul's philosophy.

As you wander through the narrower streets of the Tartar City and listen to the street vendors' clamor of bells, gongs, and cymbals, and their long-drawn melodious cries, rising, far and near, like an incense of homely lives; as you watch all sorts and conditions of humble workers doing the same thing, in the same place, and the same way, that their forefathers did, you realize how meaningless, how far from the real

life of this ancient people, are the things of which the politicians speak, how strong the ties that bind it to the past. You get an inkling of its quiet tenacity of purpose from the way in which it has steadily ignored the modernists' attempt to abolish the Chinese New Year festival and to adopt the Western calendar. Most of the poorer classes of Peking's inhabitants have 'eaten bitterness' more than once since 1900; their houses have been plundered and their queues cut off, in the name of new and strange gods; but neither revolutions nor Presidential Mandates can ever make them follow after these gods, or lead them to doubt the wisdom of their own ancestral ways.

Higher up the scale also, among the *litterati* and the new-style mandarins of the Parliament, if you look beneath the transparent surface of make-believe Republicanism, you find continual evidence of the same 'unbroken continuity of ancient traditions' in the grim struggle for place and pelf and patronage that goes on eternally about and around the seat of government. The outward and visible forms of authority are changed, but the character of the men who wield it and many of the men themselves remain the same as in the days of the great 'Tzu Hsi. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*, or, to put it in the words of an English philosopher, 'from the upheaval of a revolution the old shibboleths emerge, with new men to utter them.'

The Dragon Throne has disappeared in the turmoil, even as dynasties have gone down in the past, but all the essential features of the inveterate struggle are still as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The names and war-cries of the partisans are altered, but their methods remain the same as they were in the days of the Hans and the Mings. The uncertainty and un-

rest which have disturbed the seats of the mighty ever since Young China grasped its chance at the time of the Manchu débâcle, the atmosphere of treasons, stratagems, and spoils that has since pervaded the headquarters of government at Peking and in the provinces, all these are nothing new in the history of China; they are merely symptomatic of the periodical paroxysms which occur whenever the strong hand of authority is relaxed, for lack of the right kind of ruler.

To-day, because the people are as sheep without a shepherd, the struggle for supremacy between ambitious chieftains and their rival factions goes on, just as it did in the days of the Three Kingdoms; but its leaders have acquired a new sort of 'world sense' and a very shrewd idea of the value of modern catchwords, which have provided new and effective war-cries for their essentially sordid strife. For the benefit of the gallery overseas, they shout lustily about Constitutions, Parliaments and militarism. But whether the leading figures be Sun Yat-sen and Tang Shao-yi, Yuan Shih-k'ai and Liang Shih-yi, Chang Hsün and the old brigade, Tuan Chi-jui and the Anfu Club, or Chang Tso-lin and the Chihli faction, the causes and results of the strife are ever the same, and must remain so until, by process of exhaustion, a new ruler shall emerge strong enough and wise enough to govern the country as it needs and asks to be governed, that is to say, by a benevolent form of despotism which shall conform to the Confucian traditions, and by virtue of institutions adapted to the structural character and genius of the race. It is surely significant to note that all the 'elder statesmen,' whose names command a measure of respect amidst the tumult of the swashbucklers and the word-spinners, are men whose sympathies have been unmistakably

identified with the maintenance of the Confucian system and the patriarchal order of government.

The deep-rooted prestige of the orthodox *literati* is sufficiently indicated by Hsü Shih-chang's occupancy of the Presidential Mansion, for this venerable ex-Viceroy is not only an avowed Monarchist but, like Yuan Shih-k'ai, he believes implicitly in the moral superiority of China's political system over that of the West. Like the great Empress-Dowager, he cannot conceive of any sound statesmanship professing to ignore the 'three fundamental bonds and the five moral obligations,' which are the permanent foundations of the Chinese social edifice 'as the sun and moon, forever enlightening the world.' And this same faith is held, deep down in their hearts, by those who lead their factions to fight in the name of a still-born Constitution or a lawless Parliament, by the hungry office-seekers of the capital and the satraps of the provinces. Even among the younger men there are signs of a reaction in favor of the classical tradition.

Another feature wherein the present-day mandarins conform to the old-established type is their individual and collective timidity in the face of any public agitation or partisan attack. Nothing has emphasized this characteristic of the ruling class more forcibly than the pitiful collapse of the government last year, when the students of the capital and of Shanghai raised their clamor for the dismissal of Tsao Ju-lin and his pro-Japanese colleagues in the Cabinet. The fear which overtook the *tajen* of the Ministries when the students vented their feelings by burning Tsao's house was obviously panic, due to atavistic causes that are bred in the very bones of the East, the rich man's fear for the loss of his hoarded wealth. Let there fall that

shadow of sudden tumult or alarm, and the mandarin's first instinct is to conciliate and to temporize, while he seeks a place of safety for his family and his portable possessions.

The students' strike and demonstrations were quelled, and the turbulent youths placated, by a make-believe dismissal of the offending ministers, with the immediate result that, all over the country, the babes and sucklings of the Mission schools were led to consider themselves as a power in the land. But before a serious crisis of political disturbance, such as General Chang Hsün's brief restoration of the Manchu dynasty in July, 1917, or the Anfu Club's fight for supremacy last August, when the issues at stake are likely to lead to armed conflict and promiscuous looting, the ruling passion of the mandarin expresses itself, rapidly and by common consent, in movement of heavy-laden carts from all parts of the city to the shelter of the Legation quarter. How many times, I wonder, have Na Tung's gold bars and Hu Wei-te's curios found refuge in the sanctuary which the Boxer colleagues of these worthies did their best to destroy in 1900? At such times of tumult, the foreign Banks and the Wagons-lits Hotel become literally safety-vaults for the officials' wealth.

It is a strange commentary on the chaotic condition of China under the Republic, that the very same officials who profess to share Young China's enthusiasm for the recovery of 'sovereign rights' and the abolition of extra-territoriality are the first to fly for safety to the protection of the Legation guards. As a place of residence for Chinese millionaires *en retraite*, Peking, in spite of these guards and of its social and lucrative opportunities, is not as fashionable as Shanghai or Tientsin; and it is safe to say that if it were not for the sanctuary available in

the Legation quarter, a good many of those who now labor for (or against) the state would not face the risks of official life at the capital.

As regards the political activities of the student class, I found among foreigners in close touch with them (notably the American Y. M. C. A.) a general tendency to regard the movement as genuinely spontaneous and proof of the increasing national consciousness and patriotism of the rising generation as a whole, and of the 'Western-learning' contingent in particular. One earnest Y. M. C. A. worker, with whom I witnessed and discussed the great procession of boy and girl politicians last January at Peking, to protest against the proceedings of Japan in Shantung, was of opinion that the final result of these demonstrations would be good, inasmuch as they would tend to increase the officials' and parliamentarians' sense of direct responsibility to the people. There were several thousands of youths and girls in this procession, carrying cloth bannerets, distributing handbills, and shouting their war-cries in unison to the word of command of their leaders. It was a very docile and decorous crowd, even though one of its war-cries called for the blood of Yang I-te, the chief of police at Tientsin; and the girls seemed to display a more lively enthusiasm than the boys.

With a sincere desire to be persuaded, I could find nothing in this pathetic demonstration to differentiate it from many other manifestations of Young China's fitful fever: the undisciplined, emotional quality which is so characteristic of the Western-educated youth of the Orient has always sought and found expression in these solemn processions and long-winded protests. It was true ten years ago and it remains true to-day, that, given the stimulus of the sense of movement *en*

masse, with waving of flags and beating of drums, the moral support of foreign teachers and sympathizers, and the applause of the native press, the Chinese student class is capable of developing a swift-spreading contagion of semi-hysterical excitement and violent activity. But never in all these years has any movement of this kind revealed the existence of deep-rooted political convictions or any serious purpose of constructive effort.

The student agitation of last year, on the subject of the Japanese question in Shantung, merely served to frighten the mandarins at Peking, without in any way advancing China's position in regard to that question; and it failed, as usual, to denounce the official corruption, which obviously constitutes the chief obstacle to the satisfactory solution of this, or any other, national problem. It is all a shadow-play of words against a background of delusive dreams, and for the persistence of these dreams the West is chiefly responsible.

Later on, in Tientsin, a new and sordid complexion was cast upon certain of the activities of the student agitators, or at all events of the organizers of these demonstrations in the North. Documentary evidence was secured by the police which showed that the movement had been organized and financed by the political opponents of Tuan Chijui and the Anfu Club. The chief of police informed me that, according to the evidence in his possession, a sum of two hundred thousand dollars had been subscribed out of the funds of the late Vice-president (Feng Kuo-chang) for the purpose of stirring up agitation against the government, and the *North China Daily Mail* declared that even foreigners had received payment from this fund to assist in these 'spontaneous' manifestations of political consciousness!

In its main thoroughfares of trade and traffic, Peking presents an appearance of animation and prosperity, combined with a very marked improvement in civic administration. Considering the general state of unrest that has prevailed since the Revolution, and all the alarms and excursions that the capital has experienced; remembering the condition of listless destitution in which its citizens lived and moved in the years following the havoc of the Boxers, one is agreeably surprised at the city's air of cheerful well-being, at the excellence of its roads, the smart appearance of the police, the liveliness of trade in its marts and markets, and the generally comfortable appearance of the man in the street. Indeed, in the main artery of traffic, which runs from the railway terminus at the Chienmen to the heart of the city, it is only the broad outlines that remind one of the Peking of pre-Boxer days.

The old-time scavengers are gone — the gaunt pigs, famished dogs, and human gatherers of offal that used to scour the noisome streets and garbage heaps of old; gone are the human scarecrows that used to lay the dust with the overflow of the sewers; and gone, or almost gone, the sorrowful army of maimed and leprous beggars that cried for alms in the gates of the city and on the outskirts of the temples. The old, springless cart, with its powerful Szechuan mule and the high, narrow wheels that cut the roads to ribbons, is vanishing fast, ousted by the automobiles of the great and by jinrickshas of innumerable types. I do not mean to suggest that, in the matter of smells and squalor, Peking is not still a very medieval spot, but there have been some very energetic new brooms at work in the past ten years, and some very effective window-dressing has been done. The improvements that have been made in the matter of roads alone prove that,

given sufficient incentive and money, the Chinese are quite capable of collective effort and successful organization in the public service.

At Tsinanfu and Tainanfu you may see the same lesson writ large across two very ancient cities; in these matters, China's trouble lies not in discovering new sources of useful energy, but only in maintaining their output. Thus, for example, the Peking police have been well disciplined and kept up to the mark, by common consent of a very nervous bureaucracy, ever since Yuan Shih-k'ai's troops looted the houses of the parliamentary delegates in February, 1912, and the machinery for checking crimes against property is at present a great deal swifter and more drastic than in the old days of the Board of Punishments. The police have a Chief whose methods for discouraging lawlessness and looting are quiet but very effective. On the 29th of January last, for instance, it came to my knowledge accidentally that eleven men had been shot that morning, without other formality than orders from headquarters, having been taken red-handed in some bandit or burglary business.

But good roads and a 'loyal' police force mean public funds, and prosperous shopkeepers mean buyers with money in their purses, and one wonders at first sight from whence has come all this money to the capital, in these days of truculent provincial Tuchuns, who decline to render unto Cæsar that which used to be his. But the explanation is simple enough. The money which has given to Peking this unexpected air of well-being and vivacity has been raised chiefly by politicians for politicians, and much of it is lavishly spent by the parliamentary supporters of the faction which happens to be in control of the Boards of Revenue and Communication — the

two milch cows of national finance.

The five years of the Great War were very fat years for China, years in which the value of her silver currency was trebled and her indemnity payments remitted, while the balance of profitable trade brought a vast amount of money into the country. The government's immediate liabilities were greatly reduced and its revenues increased. These were years, in fact, when, had there been anything of genuine patriotism or statesmanship in Cabinet or Parliament, China might well have put her financial house in order. But not all the treasures of Golconda could have satisfied the rapacity of the military freebooters and carpet-bag politicians who gathered in their thousands to batten on the public purse. The Customs and salt surpluses, railway revenues, and other sources of normal income were merely appetizers to this hungry horde. From Japan, in return for promissory notes and concessions (that are likely to cost the nation dear) came a steady stream of loans and subsidies which went, for the most part, to fatten the henchmen of the Anfu Club, who formed the majority of Parliament, and all the locust swarm of the fast-swelling bureaucracy.

These were days of easy money, when, amidst the clash of factions, the price of a vote in the House of Representatives soared from the hundreds to the thousands (as when Tsao K'un tried to buy his way to the vice-presidency), and, if report speaks truly, a great deal of this money has been spent in the fashionable shops and tea-houses of the Chienmên quarter, to the enriching of thrifty citizens. Even so, the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges, and the locusts give back the years that the locust has eaten.

In these days, when Young China and many of its well-meaning friends talk volubly of 'sovereign rights,' it is

worth remembering that very few cities in the land have escaped outbreaks of lawlessness and looting since the Revolution, except those in which the foreigner and his vested interests are protected by the display of force. Had it not been for the presence of the Legations and the forces at their command, Peking would hardly have escaped rough treatment at the hands of the rabble armies of the contending factions in one or other of the several crises that have occurred since 1912. And even with the protection which the city derives from the prestige and potential power of the Legations, the presence of these hordes of undisciplined troops, whose pay is always in arrears, is a constant cause of unrest, which readily takes the form of sudden panics. When rumors and alarm signals are flying, the thought of these unruly masses of marauders, loosely held in leash, is ever in the minds of peace-loving householders, and at the first whisper of armies on the move, the trains for Tientsin are filled with crowds of timid citizens, and there is much burying of treasure by night. The amount of gold and silver and valuables which lies 'cached' around and about Peking to-day is said by the Chinese themselves to be much larger than the secret hoards of pre-Boxer days.

Discussing this matter of hoarding, a banker of wide experience informed me that the marked growth of this tendency is directly traceable to the slim financial methods of the bureaucracy, and particularly to the banking operations of the Chiaotung clique. The old-fashioned trustworthy native banks in private hands have been almost completely frozen out by the new-style Government Banks, of whose methods it need only be said that most of their notes are quoted at heavy discounts (fifty per cent and over), and

that the average prudent citizen is not disposed to entrust his *sycee* to their safe-keeping. Therefore, the hoarding habit has steadily grown, and a vast quantity of silver has thus been withdrawn from circulation. This has helped to send up the market price of silver (in January, 1920, the Tientsin tael touched ten shillings), and this in turn has seriously handicapped China's export trade since the war.

As illustrating the condition of affairs in the Tuchuns' armies, and how the fear of them is carried and spread by swift-footed rumor, a certain visit paid to Peking by the Tuchun of Jehol last January was instructive. A fine specimen of the old-style Chinese military commander is Tuchun Chiang, of the northern marches, a veteran standing six feet in his socks, who fought with Gordon against the Taipings, and a genial warrior withal. He attended a reception at the British Legation, and brought with him not only the flavor of picturesque old days and ways, which is becoming sadly rare under the Republic, but also a suggestion of something premonitory, a whispering wind of warning. His troops, he declared, had had no pay for seven months, and he had come to Peking to get money for them from the Ministry of War, or know the reason why. If it were not forthcoming, there was 'big trouble' ahead.

When I spoke of this distinguished visitor to a Chinese merchant who prides himself on knowing a good deal about wheels within wheels in the North, he smiled and said it was quite true that the Jehol troops had not been paid for a long time, and were becoming mutinous, but common report had it that, for months past, the Tuchun had been burying a large amount of *sycee*. It is probably safe to say that the twenty-two Tuchuns between them have squeezed enough in the last five

years to balance the national budget for the next ten, and that, among all these self-determined satraps, only one or two (notably the Tuchun of Shansi) have shown themselves just and patriotic rulers of the 'stupid people.'

Another manifestation of the lawless activities of the 'licentious soldiery' is their barefaced trade in contraband opium, conducted under the protection of their chiefs. There are many curious features about the opium traffic in China to-day, from Canton to Kirin, but none more curious than the brisk business in the drug openly conducted at the capital, not by the opium-shops (for these were suppressed long ago to the sound of moral drums and virtuous trumpets), but by officials, civil and military. As I ventured to predict in 1912, to the great scandal of all true believers, the 'opium-abolition' movement has put an end to the *bona fide* importation of the Indian drug and checked the transit trade in all its former channels, merely to divert it into new ways, more directly profitable to the mandarin. You could buy as much native opium as you wished in Peking last winter for seven dollars an ounce, and Indian opium at twelve dollars, and it was commonly reported in the city that the bulk of the supply came from Moukden, brought in by the soldier emissaries of the great Tuchun, Chang Tso-lin, and regularly controlled from his local offices.

Calling one day at a curio-shop in the Soochow *hutung* to ask after the proprietor, an old friend of former days, I learned that he had died the year before, and from his eldest son I gathered that excessive opium-smoking, after seven years of abstinence, was chiefly responsible for his death. I also learned that the anti-opium movement had become to all intents and purposes a dead letter. When I inquired how the father had been able to procure the drug, his

son replied that anyone who had the money could purchase it from the officials at any time. It came from the North (*k'ou wai*), he said, brought over the border by Russians and Japanese, most of the drug being grown in Manchuria and Kansuh. Later on, at Moukden, I saw something of the machinery of this traffic in working — a dozen evil-looking Russian women of the Polish Jew type, breakfasting at the Yamato Hotel, on their way through from Harbin to Dalny, opium and morphia smugglers all. And Japan's 'self-determined' parcel post is another important factor in the situation.

Ignoring the fact that opium is grown in most parts of the country with the obvious connivance of officials, and that the trade is conducted at many centres under official auspices, a section of Young China's mandarins has recently drawn the usual red-herring across the opium trail and endeavored to make the corrupt traffic serve the purposes of its campaign for the abolition of extra-territoriality. In former days, when its first object was to get rid of the competition of the Indian opium trade, Young China and the foreign Anti-Opium Societies used to declare that China could and would abolish opium completely, when once the Indian importation had been stopped. Thanks chiefly to the fervent propaganda of the sentimentalists and 'uplifters' in England and America, the Indian trade was abolished, and forthwith growing and smuggling became one of the mandarins' most lucrative sources of income. The fact is notorious and undeniable; at missionary meetings to-day it is either passed over in sad silence or treated as a lamentable case of backsliding.

But the section of Young China to which I refer sees nothing lamentable in the situation. On the contrary, it is now urging the sentimentalists and the

up-lifters to believe and to preach that the opium traffic will be finally abolished if once the foreigners' rights of extra-territoriality are given up; and already there are indications of a widespread propaganda developing along these lines. At a banquet following the meeting of the Anti-Narcotic Society in Tientsin last January, Mr. Huang (educated in America), Director of the Bureau of Foreign Affairs, made a typical speech, in which he declared that China could not be expected to deal properly with the opium and morphia trades until she had recovered her political autonomy. Thanks to the loose thinking, bred of facile catch-words, which prevails in England and America the 'sovereign rights recovery' movement is now making considerable progress, for the reason that it is not in the nature of the earnest idealist to allow the melancholy experience of yesterday to check his enthusiasm for the Utopia of to-morrow. To anyone who knows anything about China, the idea of putting an end to opium by abolishing the foreigners' extra-territorial rights is grimly humorous, but, unfortunately, many of the good people who share President Wilson's illusions about the world of men have no knowledge of the East and but little sense of humor. And Mr. Huang, despite his dress clothes, has both.

There were many new features of interest in the picturesque pageant of life at Peking as I saw it last winter, many lights and shadows suggestive of coming events, but few more significant, as straws on the wind, than the pillar-boxes of the Imperial (and quite independent) Japanese Post, dotted about all over the capital. Japan's 'conquest by post' throughout all the regions of the North is a very real and a very insidious business, more seriously injurious to China's revenues and sovereign rights than, shall we say,

her hold on Kiaochao: yet the Chinese authorities and press patriots seem to see nothing particularly derogatory to their dignity in a proceeding which asserts 'concession' privileges at the very heart of government. When I spoke on the subject to Mr. Liang Shih-yi, the great wirepuller in chief, he said that the government had protested against these sign-posts of the Rising Sun's ascendancy, but the Japanese Minister had paid no attention, and what more could they do? The boycott was evidently foredoomed to failure.

At the Wagons-lits Hotel, such signs of change as one observes are suggestive of Europe in the melting-pot rather than of China in transition. At the Saturday night dances, where diplomacy unbends, one sees a sprinkling of Chinese, and now and then some spirit bolder than the rest will defy his ancestral gods by 'posturing with a female to the sound of horns'; but the crowd of jazzers (far more numerous than in pre-war days) seems to be chiefly composed of Americans, most of them good, healthy-looking youngsters of the clean-run-breed that one finds now in many an outpost of the Standard Oil, the British-American Tobacco Company, and the Y. M. C. A. It was, of course, to be expected that American interests in China would rapidly expand during the first four years of the war, and before the states came into the struggle; nevertheless, some of the manifestations of this expansion are surprising, and one does not get used to them very readily, because all one's memories of Peking are somehow opposed to the idea that haste and hustle can ever be possible within these old gray walls. In the same way one cannot get quite accustomed to the silent places that used to be humming hives of German activity in these parts; there is something al-

most ominous in the solitudes that were the Legation and the Deutsch-Asiatische Bank.

The stretch of the city wall which lies between the Chienmên and the Hata Gate, ever memorable for the Legations' grim struggle with the Boxers, remains, as of old, the spot where the foreigner takes his constitutional in dignified seclusion, no Chinese being allowed to intrude thereon. Here, of an afternoon, you may see the pillars of many states discussing the destinies of nations and the latest gossip of the diplomatic world. Beneath, the distant aspect of the city with its wide expanse of low buildings screened by trees, where the yellow roofs of the palace and the great towers of the main gates glisten and glow in the setting sun, is much the same scene as the European gazed upon when first the armies of the Western barbarian camped yonder on the Anting plain. Close under the wall, to the southward, the canal runs, as of yore, still flanked by garbage heaps, stinking to heaven; beyond the railway line you may catch a glimpse of camel trains, slowly wending their wonted way toward the western hills. From the marts and markets of the Chienmên quarter rises the vague murmur of innumerable buyers and sellers, and in the distance, to the northwest, a little yellow cloud tells of the coming of a sand-laden wind. Everything in the distance is unchanged; it is only here, beside us on the wall, that one is reminded of time and the hour, and of all the things that have happened to China since first we trod these ancient weather-beaten bricks.

Here you see a group of Italian airmen, beautiful creatures all covered with medals, pleasantly engaged for some weeks past in killing time (not to speak of ladies) while they wait for the much-advertised coming of D'Annun-

zio. And here are two interesting specimens of the youngest of Young China, recently returned from an American University with nice young American wives. There is nothing particularly new or strange in this particular manifestation of the results of Western learning, and the pathos of it is an old story:

Alas, regardless of their doom, the little victims play!

To-day, arm in arm, they walk upon the wall, with eyes that see not, strangers to both the worlds in which they move, but dimly feeling already their inevitable destiny of tragic isolation. Ten years hence, no doubt, she will be back in God's Own Country, with a working knowledge of the East, and he will be the centre of an Oriental *ménage* conducted on the patriarchal system. For East is East and West is West, and if, in the false dawn, they seem to meet, before the sun sets each must go his destined way. For such is the law, pre-ordained.

[*The New Statesman*]

IF ONE COULD ONLY FORGET!

SIR JAMES BARRIE has been blamed by some people because he suggests in *Mary Rose* that a great deal of human happiness is dependent on forgetfulness. It is not only Mary Rose's father who can forget her. Even her husband, for whom she has been the rose of the world, forgets her, so that, when he catches sight of her a generation later, he is only puzzled as to whom the woman can be whose walk reminds him of somebody or other—he cannot think of whom. He has since her disappearance become immersed in his career, as her father has become immersed in his water colors.

We are told that, if Mr. Shaw had shown us these things, he would have

been attacked on all sides for his 'characteristic callousness.' How far Sir James Barrie is right in his view of human nature it is impossible for anyone to say. The heart is a private chamber, especially in its grief, and we can only guess at its secrets. We remember vividly the figure of one old man, an Irish landlord of the hard type, whom we used to see in our childhood, tottering down the crooked path that led across his acres to the graveyard where he never missed a daily visit to his wife's grave. He must, we suppose, have been singular in his devotion, for it was the fable of the countryside. Whether it was a mark of grace, however, or merely proved his incapacity to adapt himself to the companionship of anybody left alive, is another question. To have been beguiled of his one affection may have linked him more closely to the dead: a warmer heart might have escaped from its grief into new ties with the living. Even so, one could not but respect and in a way envy his loyalty. One was probably right. It is not from warmth but from lukewarmness of heart that most of us forget.

The man who can never forget is, at least in the strength of his passion, our superior. With the rest of us, it is mainly our egoism that forgets. On the other hand, it is arguable that the ideal man is he who can thrust his sorrows into the submerged part of his memory, and reserve his conscious memory for the things that enable him and others to live more fully in the present. It is difficult to say how far it is possible to remember the dead in the depths of the heart if their image does not clearly and constantly form itself on the surface of the mind. Image after image of the kind passes across the brain, swift as a bird in the darkness. Is this, or the deeper thing, the real and effective memory? Or must

the deeper thing, if it is there, express itself in such images?

Leaving such questions to the psychologist, however, we need not hesitate to agree with the general proposition that the happiest man is he who is able to forget. One realizes this especially when one goes on a holiday. It is only half a holiday if one cannot enjoy the present moment, forgetful of everything outside the circle of immediate pleasure. To become a child is to lose one's memory and to submit to the illusion that the sands on which one idles are the ultimate golden floor of the world. We who are older cannot easily achieve the golden vision. It is not that we are besieged by the memories of lost friends, but that we take with us the memories of our everyday world. We look out at a sea that is a blue stream flowing among green and violet waters, and we suddenly remember Mr. Lloyd George.

The island in the bay that seemed a moment before as beautiful as a castle in elfland is now no more attractive than a shapeless stone. Fishing-smack after fishing-smack leaves the harbor under the hill, each with its crew tugging like bell-ringers at the mushroom-colored sails. Each of the boats has a character of its own, stately or squat, a queen or a trollop, a gay emerald or a black box. They stretch out over the sea like a flight of storks in a picture. Already the first of them are well on their way to the horizon and their brown sails have become thin as leaning pillars. If one could think of nothing else for only five minutes, a flight of happiness as long as the flight of the fishing-smacks itself would sweep through one's being and exalt one into a king.

But, alas, one has read the morning paper, and is a slave. Anger or irritation blows up like foul weather as one

remembers. The boats are no longer an enchanted caravan. We cease even to see them. They could not make less impression on us if they were a row of floating lobster-boxes. It is simply that our minds are no longer clear mirrors: some devil has breathed on them. Memory has driven out vision, and we might as well be arguing in a smoking-room as be the privileged spectators of these prisoners let loose into the freedom of the seas. Nor can we even console ourselves with the belief that there is something disinterested in these newspaper memories that disturb us. If we remember things out of the papers too keenly, it is probably not because we are idealists but because we have sat up too late the night before over cards in a blue cloud of excessive tobacco and our nerves are on edge.

We can easily test this by the other things we remember. It is not only world-politics that make us blind to the sea gulls. We lie on the sand at the foot of which a blue channel winds. Beyond it at low tide lies a sand-bank, above which the ruffled top of the sea shows like a tremulous inky scribble. A cormorant, with his neck looking as long as a swan's, bolts from nowhere and settles on the sand, making a careful circle in the air before he alights. He sits for a moment slightly tilted, like a black bottle that floats in the water. Then he flaps his wings, and ultimately stretches them out as though he were about to do gymnastic exercises and got stuck in the attitude. Another cormorant appears and comes circularly to rest within a few feet of him. Then another. Then another. Before long there is a row of these Satans lined up on the sand, each of them with his wings hung out in the breeze like the family washing. Number two gets tired and folds himself into a bottle of stout again. Number

five follows his example. Number three does the same, at which number two cries 'Copy cat!' shuffles off a few indignant paces, and becomes a tableau vivant of Milton's Satan again.

So long as one can watch the creatures with a mind empty of irrelevant memories, one is as happy as one has any right to be. But, even as one watches them, memory is creeping like a worm through the brain. One begins to remember one's landlady, to remember her vile oil-lamps when one had bargained for electric light, to remember her unswept kitchen-flue that turns the word 'hot' on the bath-tap into a bitter mockery on a cold summer morning, to remember her loose window-frames that perform a low stage-thunder in the wind all through the night as surely no window-frames ever did before. Immediately, it is as though someone had taken a sponge and wiped the row of cormorants off the landscape. One shifts one's position and moves over to someone with whom one can share one's thoughts. The air becomes darkened with landlady as one talks. She is a creature darker-winged than any cormorant, a bird of prey, a vulture gnawing one's liver. It is impossible to get away from the thought of her by talking about her.

Psycho-analysts tell us that we have only to face an obsession honestly in order to get rid of it. But one's landlady is proof against psycho-analysis. The conversation must be intensely monotonous to anyone but oneself. It is a sort of recurrent decimal of 'lamps — kitchen-chimney — windows — bit steep.' It is unchanging as the grumble of cartwheels in the longest and stoniest imaginable country lane. And the worst of it is, it does not make even oneself happy. The longer it goes on the more miserable one becomes. If only one could

forget the lady and look at the cormorants one would be as happy as a sand-piper. But the curse of memory follows us to the shore, and an oil-lamp that gives no light outblazes the light of the sun.

Children are our examples in these matters. They live in the moment and for the moment as though the world had no sack of gloomy yesterdays to hump its back miserably. They pick up a fan-shaped shell, with waves of color, roan, pearl, and orange radiating over its surface, and they forget whether the bath was hot or cold. At sight of the commonest periwinkle, gleaming with wetness, they rejoice as though there were not a landlady in the world. They run their fingers through the sand, and, as the pale ghost of a shrimp emerges into the light, they are in ecstasies. Even the claw of a dead crab is treasure trove. Not that they fail to distinguish between one discovery and another.

To find a cowrie is more glorious than to find a limpet. A razor-shell surpasses a cockle or an oyster. A top-shell, with its lustrous hat, is more desirable than a sea-snail. But all are good as they were at the creation of the world. They are all borne home alike in a blue bucket or a red as though they were the precious things in a world in which men dig for gold and dive for pearls. Out from the sandhills a red admiral flutters and seems to make the whole air rich with his contrasted colors. A grayling flutters after, and fills the world, with the happiness of variety. A swallow swoops down low over the water, blue against the blue. Oyster-catchers, pied and red-beaked, hurry at lightning speed from pool to pool. In the shallow waters gray curlews move slowly with their long, crooked, inquisitive bills in search, one supposes, of cockles. There are other small swift birds that fly always in a

cloud, and as they swerve in the sun gleam for an instant like a company of white butterflies or a fall of snowflakes. Here, too, is the heron on his cloudy wings, and the pied wagtail nervous in the air as a child in deep water, and the wheatear that runs away.

If one could enjoy it all as a kaleidoscope, a scene of brilliant disconnected phenomena, as a child does, then, indeed, one would be on holiday. If one could even absorb oneself in the phenomena in the coherent fashion of a naturalist, that, too, would be holiday enough. But one cannot. That is why one is not a poet. One is merely a realist moodily muttering, even at the moment when the curtain is drawn to reveal the perfect picture of things, 'Lamps — kitchen-chimney — windows — bit steep. . . .' And now the rain is coming down in bucketfuls. It serves one right.

[*The Times*]

FOR INTELLECTUAL RECONCILIATION

BY ROBERT BRIDGES

To the Editor of the Times

SIR: Your correspondents having directed upon my head the censure of your leading article of October 18, dealing with the letter from Oxford professors and others to their fellows in Germany and Austria, it lies with me to make reply.

I am, of course, aware of the extreme difference of opinion on this subject, but no good can come from one party's misrepresenting the other, and I would plead that, in devotion to your own conviction, you in your leading article obscured the simple significance of the Oxford letter. That letter begins with these words: 'Since there will be many of you,' and those words imply that there are among the professors in

Germany (as plainly there are in England) two antagonistic parties which may, without offensive implication, be styled the reconcilables and the irreconcilables; and the letter is written from those on our side whose patriotism has not settled down into indiscriminate personal suspicion or ill-will, and it appeals confidently to the same class on the other side, with the recognition that we have both of us been provoked to 'animosities' which we desire to put aside.

It is true that in another part of your paper you published the full text of the letter; and I may thank you sincerely on behalf of the signatories for the attention that you called to it; but I complain that your article somewhat perverted it, since your quotations were dressed apart from their context and swallowed up in your grievous words. Now if I could think that it could be your opinion that you were doing any service to this country or to humanity in opposing a good understanding between men of good will, I should not resent your condemnation, but I cannot believe this. The logic of your attitude seems to be that the German professors are as a united body particularly guilty of the war, and that, until as a body they withdraw from their position, we should have nothing to do with them. And that, I think, is the feeling of many of those who refused to sign the letter.

That circular, let me say, was sent to about one hundred and twenty members of the University, whose names were pricked on the register solely for their position and eminence—heads of houses, chief professors, etc.—and the replies received gave a nearly equal division into Ayes and Noes, the Noes slightly predominating, but a good many of the Noes expressed sympathy with the address, and most of them declined for one of two reasons:

the commonest objection was that the action was 'premature'—my own feeling being that of shame for having vainly waited so long in deference to political complications, and that shame was intolerably increasing. The other objection was what is conveniently called 'German mentality.' Objectors on that head urged that the address would be misunderstood in Germany, and that the Germans would say either that it showed that we confessed ourselves to have been throughout in the wrong, or that it was a piece of English hypocrisy; and those who know the Germans best maintained that these would be the honest convictions of some of their 'irreconcilables.' Concerning this, I am sure that most of us were prepared to face symptoms of this 'mentality'; on the other hand, we know well that there are many among the German professors who will welcome our friendly approach, and are indeed waiting for it and expecting it. Time will show how this is to be.

I now return to your objection, and shall be speaking only for myself.

It is absurd to regard the German professoriate as a portentous abstraction which is not composed of human personalities; and it is undiscerning not to see that, at a critical moment of extreme tension, they allowed their passion to get the better of them. The only valid count against them is this: that from the days when Fichte lectured in Berlin they have gradually developed a 'Deutschland über Alles' policy, which naturally found England its chief obstacle; and though some of their leading politicians worked it up into a 'gospel of Hate,' that cannot be made a personal charge against each and every living professor, for many of them were wholly irresponsible; indeed we even know that in the years before the war there were among them minds far-sighted enough to deplore that

policy, and to protest against it, though not numerous enough to resist it; and it has been so discredited by its terrific results that this moderate party must be now greatly increased in numbers.

Your objection therefore must, I think you will admit, be narrowed down to a more definite position, and you must either deny the existence of this moderate party, or contend that it should not be encouraged; and I presume that you must prefer the latter alternative, and that it will be here that we draw apart. I would say that we should not discourage and embitter these honest reconcilables by requiring them to convert their irreconcilables before we will speak to them; and I should probably go further than you here; I should say that, were every one of them feeling enmity against us at heart, we should strive to convert them from their enmity by showing that generous feeling, the absence of which we complain of in them. Unless you wish your enemies to remain your enemies, you must strive to make them more friendly; and I would ask you what other means there is for accomplishing this than good will and forgiveness. Show me the better way, and I will take it.

Moral philosophers have endorsed the wisdom of the Gospel in this matter; but I do not like to seem to be preaching; common sense and *Æsop* will serve; the fable of the *Sua* and the North wind delights me still as much as it did in the nursery.

But one of your correspondents called attention to the absence of scientific professors from our list. It is significant, and due mainly (so I am told) to a sentence in the famous manifesto of the ninety-three, which asserted that English science was a negligible thing. Alas! that frenzied calumny owed all its weight to the seriousness with which it was received; it touched me

only when I found that our scientific men felt hurt by it. I should have expected them to have been confident of their worth, and to have taken it as our soldiers took the Hymn of Hate; they should have laughed, and asked the Germans to recite it in public. The intransigence of natural science is marked; but the representatives of the 'historic and philosophical' sciences are not inclined to follow the lamentable example of the Royal Society.

German 'mentality' has a great deal to answer for, and will no doubt in the future be scientifically investigated and analyzed by their own moral philosophers. One quality of it seems to be malleability. I should say that if the good King Frederick had lived and his wretched son had died, then German mentality might have been a very good Aristotelian virtuous habit of mind, and we should now be living in mutual peace and security. But compare the phenomena of our mentality! If our commerce and politics cannot bring their interests into harmony with a generous moral standard — is not that just the fault which we found with the German professors? Then your leading article imputes hypocrisy to their theologians — which is exactly the complaint that they make of ours. Again, you will have no dealings with them until they confess that they have done wrong, while you condemn the like attitude of their irreconcilables toward us; and, last of all, that main distinctive difference between us — namely, that we cannot cringe, this distinction you would obliterate by your misinterpretation of our sincere and dignified peacemaking.

This is not pro-German talk. It is merely dispassionate peacemaking. But the mind, if not the heart of the nation, has been corrupted by events, and the Church is sick. People talk as if they would readily 'forgive the Germans,' if

there were nothing to forgive; they do not see that it is our having been so terribly injured that makes our forgiveness so necessary and so powerful. At the beginning of the war I put together a book for the reading of those who, when their homes were desolated, and their hopes shattered, needed a sanctuary and the constant companionship of the great minds that have ennobled the world; I foresaw then the inevitable last trial which we are now facing, and I chose Shelley's verses (at the end of his Prometheus) for the climax. It is now that they are applicable, so I will ask you to print some of them here, together with the few words that followed them to close my book.

Speak! thy strong words may never pass away.

Love from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
Of dread endurance, from the slippery, steep,
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs
And folds over the world its healing wings. . . .
Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance.
These are the seals of that most firm assurance. . .
These are the spells by which to reassume
An Empire o'er the disentangled gloom.
To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite:
To defy wrongs darker than death or night. . . .
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

Holy is the true light and passing
wonderful, lending radiance to them
that endured in the heat of the conflict.

[Cornhill]

THE TENEBRIST

BY DOUGLAS G. BROWNE

THE door opened, the hidden lamps around the cornice flashed into subdued light, and Mrs. Maple Aylsham, with one hand at the electric switch and the other upon the door-knob, paused for a moment on the threshold and looked into the room.

It was a long, luxurious, hospitable sort of room. Its cream-colored walls were hung with a few good etchings and small water-colors. Its furniture was impeccable: a Chippendale bookcase, a Chinese cabinet in black and gold lacquer, ornamented with two peacock's eyes on the leaves of its door, and standing on gilded dragon's claws, a writing bureau from Venice of some dark hard wood, inlaid with ivory that was yellow with age — everything had that indefinable quality of craftsmanship which will harmonize only with its kind. In another small cabinet of satin-wood were a few pieces of exquisite china. A baby grand piano — perhaps the only definite symbol of modernity in the room — occupied one corner; and on a circular table by the Chinese cabinet was a Nankin bowl filled with hothouse roses. An immense Persian carpet, three hundred years old and woven with the mystical pattern of the Tree of Life, whose colors were as vivid as if it was indeed imperishable, covered the entire floor. The easy chairs and the long couch standing obliquely before the hearth were draped in rose brocade, and heavy curtains of the same hue concealed the windows which, at the far end, overlooked the embankment. In the hearth, beneath more old china and a narrow French mirror, a log fire blazed and crackled cheerfully, scenting the air.

As Mrs. Maple Aylsham hesitated for a moment in the doorway, her attitude had something of inquiry and suspicion in it. She seemed almost to be expecting to find some person in the room, although no one, unless it were a servant, was likely to be there. She had thrust open the door, and switched on the lights with a nervous swiftness which might have led one to suspect that, even before turning the handle, she had hesitated, bracing herself for the

entrance, like a child who is afraid of shadows. Her cousin, Lettice Ellison, who had accompanied her home from France a few days before, would have recognized the symptoms had she been present at that moment; for Mrs. Aylsham betrayed the same odd reluctance to enter any unlighted room in that house after dark. Now that the horrors of her three years of married life were ended — and ended, as everyone agreed, in the best possible way — she appeared to capitulate with her nerves as she had never done while those horrors endured. She had possessed always in the old days extraordinary powers of self-control. Lettice Ellison explained the change (to ease her own misgivings) by supposing it to be a natural relaxation now that the need for all discipline was past. Yet the story was becoming ancient history; it was already a year old; and, even as Laura-Maple Aylsham was the last person in the world to simulate regrets she did not feel, so there could be few women apparently less likely to remain, after twelve months of freedom from purgatory, still a prey to the reaction of escape. She was young, pretty, and clever, and all the glitter and romance of life, which her tragic marriage had seemed to deny to her for ever, was again hers to seize and enjoy. . . .

The cheerful, glowing room into which she now looked was in itself, one would have thought, a tonic for nerves and spirit. And, in fact, its charm seemed to reassure her, so that she made a little grimace at her own weakness as she moved forward from the doorway. Yet, as she looked about her, she was not wholly satisfied. For a year the room had been closed, its blinds drawn, its furniture wrapped in calico; since her return she had not used it, preferring her own small boudoir on the floor above; and there per-

vaded it even now, to her mind, lingering traces of this prolonged desuetude. Its re-commissioning, under the eye of Mrs. Clyst, the housekeeper, had been methodical to a degree. Every article was replaced precisely where it had stood a year before. And with this mechanical reproduction of the past there was blended that air of smug propriety peculiar to all rooms that have been cleaned and tidied by efficient servants.

The net result irritated Mrs. Maple Aylsham. She began to move restlessly about, disturbing symmetrical cushions, rearranging books and china in a less formal pattern. She placed the bowl of roses upon the piano and pushed the circular table out of its correct alignment with the Chinese cabinet. A small chair was pulled from the wall and placed elsewhere. And her fine eyes were still roving over the furniture, considering, as it seemed, plans for a complete redistribution at some future time, when something else caught her attention. She turned toward the window, her head lifted, something very like terror in her eyes. Her nostrils dilated as she sniffed at the air of the room; and then, walking swiftly to the heavy, rose-colored curtains, she swept them apart and stared out into the night. A fog was rising — thickening silently and stealthily like darkness materialized. The lights of Battersea, across the river, were hidden deep in it; and even the lamps which lined the Embankment wall, on the other side of the road, already were mere blurs of yellow. Mrs. Maple Aylsham shuddered. Letting the curtains fall, she pressed both her hands to her eyes, as if to blot out even the memory of this very ordinary London scene.

As she stood there, a tall and rather tragic figure in black against the warm rose brocade, a bell sounded below. The first of her guests had arrived.

Charles Hembury entered the room in his usual impulsive fashion. He was a tall, thin man on the edge of forty, already gray, with a long, clever, clean-shaven face, stamped legibly with the hall marks of kindness, irritability, and a predisposition to worry unduly about everything. He was in the Foreign Office, and was at this time acting as secretary to some interminable commission assembled to delimit international boundaries around British Guiana. Laura Maple Aylsham, who knew him very well indeed, prepared herself for the inevitable torrent of questions and reproaches.

'My dear child!' Hembury cried, 'What does this mean? When did you get back? Why did n't you let me know before? You never said a word in your last letter about coming back so soon. I did n't expect you till the spring. What has happened? . . .'

'Nothing,' said Mrs. Maple Aylsham, 'except that I changed my mind. I decided to come back a fortnight ago, and wrote to Mrs. Clyst to get the house ready. Lettice and I crossed over last Thursday. And how are you, Charles?'

'Oh, I'm as well as can be expected. Driven nearly frantic, of course, by these purblind old women on the Commission.' Diverted for a moment, Hembury returned to the charge with renewed vigor. 'Do you mean to say, Laura, that you have been here nearly a week without letting me know?'

'Guilty, I'm afraid, Charles, but. . .'

'I can't understand you! Not a line for weeks, and then, when I think you're at Arcachon, I get a note asking me to dinner! Really, Laura, you might have shown a little consideration. Do you realize it is nearly five months since I saw you at that God-forsaken place, Perpignan? . . . I'm very glad you're back, of course; but I did think I was entitled to know some-

thing about your movements. I've enough worries as it is. . . . And what on earth, my dear child, possessed you to come back to England in December, of all months? Everybody has got influenza; and how a rational being can leave the south of France! . . .'

Mrs. Maple Aylsham, well-used to these outbursts, laid a hand on his arm.

'Listen, Charles,' she said quietly, 'and don't get so excited. . . . I made up my mind to come back quite suddenly. I realized that I was acting like a coward, and a silly coward. I was afraid of this house, afraid of London, afraid of the winter, and the long, dark nights . . . and the fogs. Well, I told myself that I had got to face it all some time. If I had waited till the spring, as I had arranged, it would not have been a fair test. There still would have been a winter to dread. I felt that I must know at once whether I could stand it or not. And so I just packed up and came. Poor Lettice must have thought me mad. It has spoiled all her plans, but she has been as sweet as usual about it. . . . And as for not writing to tell you — well, I thought it would be better if we were alone here for a few days, without anyone knowing I was back. I wanted to — to try myself, I suppose. I have hardly written to anyone. Except the Jenssens, who are coming to-night — I must see Ethel before she goes away — none of my friends know that I'm in England. I'm sorry if you feel hurt. I seem to have behaved rather badly, but I've only been trying to work things out in my own way. And it is very good to see you again, Charles. . . .'

'My dear child,' he said fretfully (all women younger than himself were 'children' to Hembury), 'I did hope that by this time you had forgotten all those nightmares of yours. They were natural enough a year ago, after the

shock and the infernal time you'd been having and all that; but surely you don't still believe in the stuff you used to talk about the house being haunted, and your dread of fogs and darkness and all the rest of it? . . . For your own sake, Laura,' he went on more gently, 'I hoped that was done with long ago. You are an extraordinarily level-headed person in most things. Are n't you really cured yet of those fancies?'

Mrs. Maple Aylsham, with one small black slipper upon the brass rail of the fender, looked into the fire for some seconds before replying. She appeared very young and somehow very forlorn at that moment; and Hembury, in spite of his excellent reasons for scouting her morbid fancies, could remember only what she had suffered. It struck him, and not for the first time, that drowning had been too good a death for Maple Aylsham.

'I don't know,' she said at last. 'I don't know. At least I don't know whether they are fancies or not. That is why I am here. All the time I have been traveling about France they have followed me; and now that I'm back again in the house I shall find out, one way or the other. If they are only fancies, they will go in time. . . . Do you know, while I was away I always thought of this house as being hidden in fog. I could never see it. I used to picture London spread out in the sunshine, with spires gleaming and green trees in the parks, and one little dark blot just here, like a blot of ink. . . . There's a fog to-night. Is it bad?'

'I think it is going to be,' said Hembury. 'It is just an ordinary London fog — a natural phenomenon assisted by furnaces which do not consume their own smoke. If you had waited till the spring you would have escaped your little dark blot. . . . But seriously, Laura, when you talk about these

fancies of yours, you don't really believe there's an alternative, do you? You don't believe in spectres and hobgoblins, I suppose?'

She looked up at him with a faint smile and shrugged her shoulders.

'If you mean clanking chains and headless horsemen,' she said, 'I don't. But there are other things. . . . There is something — or somebody — about this house after dark. I am sure of it. Oh, I am sure of it! . . . I have prayed that it may prove to be only fancy, as you call it. I think I shall know very soon. And if it is not fancy. . . .'

'Oh, my dear Laura!' Hembury cried in exasperated tones, 'do, for Heaven's sake, get this nonsense out of your head! Just because your husband had a mania for prowling about in the dark, and could see like a cat, and reveled in fogs and other beastliness, and indulged his uncanny tastes to make your life a torture to you, you build up some wild phantasmagoria of absurdities now that he is dead! I don't want to talk about the man, but we all know he was n't sane. . . .'

'Nor was I — once,' said Mrs. Maple Aylsham. But she spoke almost in a whisper, as if to herself; and Hembury paid no attention to her words.

'Do pull yourself together, Laura,' he went on. 'It is distressing to see you like this. I have been thinking of you enjoying yourself abroad and forgetting all the bad times. I expected to find you quite your old self again. And now you don't seem a bit better. How have you been sleeping? Let me look at you.'

She turned swiftly round from the fire and put her hands on his shoulders.

'Poor old Charles!' she said. 'I'm a morbid little beast. But it's nice to hear you grumbling again. Let's talk about something else. I told you who was coming to dinner, did n't I?'

Hembury, studying her face, realized

for the first time how pale and tired she seemed. The diffused lights from the cornice had helped to conceal this from him before, when he was preoccupied by the motive and manner of her return. Her fine eyes, of a dark hazel with long lashes almost black, accentuated her pallor. In her undoubted beauty there had been always an elusive element of pathos, which the last four years had done nothing to eradicate.

'You poor child, you look worn out already,' he said. And, anxious now to change the subject his own persistence had provoked, he aired a minor grievance which her last question recalled to his mind. 'Yes, you mentioned the party,' he added with a smile. 'I thought it rather superfluous. If you had condescended to tell me that you were back, we could have had a quiet dinner together before you began this giddy round of entertaining. There are lots of things I want to talk to you about.'

Mrs. Maple Aylsham only laughed, a pleasant, soft contralto laugh that fell in an unexpected cadence at the end.

'Don't you see,' she said, 'that that was exactly what I wanted to avoid? If you and I sat solemnly together alone, we should simply talk of ourselves and of old times—as we have begun to do already! If we didn't talk of them, we should be thinking of them. And I have been thinking of them until I get the creeps, as you see. . . . I want to break the ice here with a sort of house-warming, with one or two comparative strangers to leaven it, so that we shall talk of everything but myself and my silly troubles. Later on, we can discuss all the weighty matters you have been hoarding up. . . . Now do you see, Charles? I asked you to come early so that I could explain, but I hoped you would understand.'

'Yes, yes,' said Hembury, 'I dare say you are right. Anything that you think will help you. . . . By the way, you mentioned a bishop. What bishop? I did n't know you knew one; and of course it never occurred to you to say who he was. Your letters get more and more elliptic. You make casual allusions to places and persons I've never heard of, and expect me to know all about them. . . .'

'He's only a Colonial bishop,' Mrs. Maple Aylsham explained, 'but rather a dear. Greig is his name, and he comes from Alaska or Nyanza or somewhere. . . . He and his wife crossed with us in the boat, and then we shared a carriage from Dover, and as they seemed rather lost in London I asked them in to-night—to provide the outside element, partly. Mrs. Greig speaks seven aboriginal dialects and wears a fringe, but she's quite nice.'

'Your ideas about his diocese,' Hembury remarked, 'seem to be characteristically vague. As I don't think they speak as many as seven dialects in Alaska, Nyanza sounds more probable. The two places are only four or five thousand miles apart.'

'I know there are a lot of *a's* in it, anyhow. And it does n't really matter. Then the Jenssens are coming, as I told you. They are going back to Upsala soon, poor things, and I have n't seen Ethel for ages. . . . And Lettice is here, of course, and that's all. We are seven, in fact. It is not a very formidable gathering, Charles.'

'I should think your polyglot she-bishop ought to hit it off with Jenssen,' Hembury said. 'I met him the other day in Piccadilly, mooning along with his mind in the Fourth Dimension or the Differential Calculus, and on the point of being run over by an omnibus.'

He walked over to the window and parted the curtains. Laura Maple Aylsham, who had seemed momentarily to

have put aside her troubles, looked after him, to where a wedge of dark glass showed above his head amid the rose brocade, with a flicker of her old apprehension.

'Fog's very thick,' said Hembury, letting the curtains fall together again and turning back to her. 'It may keep them away.'

If the wish was father to the thought, it was negatived instantly. For, as he spoke, the bell sounded once more; and, at the same moment, Lettice Ellison, a bright, small figure in pink, came into the room.

She was an attractive, shrewd little person, dark as a sloe and loyal as a dog, and was three years younger than her cousin, to whom she was utterly devoted. She had come to regard the very existence of Maple Aylsham as an outrage; and since his timely decease she had abandoned every other interest to help his widow in her search, about the quieter parts of Southern France, for that peace and forgetfulness which the elder woman so sadly needed. If the cure was incomplete, it was through no fault of Lettice Ellison's.

She was still talking to Charles Hembury, whom she liked and habitually teased, and to whom she looked for the ultimate solution of her cousin's problem, when the other guests were announced. The bishop and his wife, it appeared, had forgathered out of the fog with the Jenssens on the doorstep of the house.

The ladies had withdrawn from the rather sombre dining room, and the three men were sitting over coffee and liqueurs. The Bishop of Nyanza, who drank neither, was further indulging his exotic tastes by smoking a pipe.

The dinner had run its course with success and even gaiety. Mrs. Maple Aylsham had chattered and laughed in an unconstrained fashion that went

far to lull Hembury's earlier misgivings. Her old schoolfellow, Ethel Jenssen, was happy to find her freed and apparently recovered from the burden of what notoriously had been a disastrous union. Lettice Ellison had poked fun at everybody: at Hembury for his precision of speech, at Jenssen for his abstraction in the Higher Mathematics, and even, in a discreet way, at the bishop's wife, who, in an astounding costume of what appeared to be black armor, made embittered comparisons between a decadent Europe and those simple regions where she asserted herself despotically in seven dialects. There had been one awkward little relapse when Jenssen, with the tactlessness of a scientific man, introduced the subject of fogs, *à propos* of that night's infliction, and then made matters worse by retailing his own absurd mishaps during a similar visitation when he had been in London a year earlier. For it was in the historic fog to which he referred (as he should have remembered if only from the kicks his wife now aimed under the table at his shins) that George Maple Aylsham had rather mysteriously perished. The bishop's lady, however, entirely unconscious of any tragic undercurrent in this topic, had intervened happily with some apt reflections upon the salubrious climate of Lake Nyanza; and the conversation was restored to an innocuous plane.

It was perhaps inevitable that, when the men were alone, the talk should turn presently to the late master of the house. Jenssen, an English-born and educated Swede, recently translated to a professorship in his own country's University of Upsala, and now in London to attend some erudite Congress at the Royal Society, had met Maple Aylsham more than once. He was interested in the latter's exceptional case from a scientific standpoint,

and naturally applied to Hembury for details to fill in the lacunae in his own sketchy acquaintance with the facts. The bishop, on the other hand, knowing nothing whatever about the business, had proved already to be possessed of a childlike and uncontrollable itch of curiosity, so that now the hint of a queer story made him agog for more. It would have been difficult for Hembury, without being impolite, to parry the Swedish professor's harmless questions; and there really was no reason why he should do so. Only, as always was the case when he was strongly moved by any injustice or scandal, he worked himself into a state of irritation, and expressed himself more vigorously and revealed more intimate aspects of the deplorable affair than perhaps Laura Maple Aylsham would have approved.

'Most singular!' the bishop had said, ungrammatically, after some remark of Jenssen's. 'Very curious, indeed! And you really mean to say, Mr. Hembury, that this unfortunate man could see in the dark — like a cat?'

'I would not commit myself,' said Hembury precisely, 'to define his powers of vision. But he was quite abnormal. Abnormal in every sense, of course: he was really mad. . . . He certainly preferred the darkness to daylight, and it grew on him, so that toward the end he used often to prowls about London all night and sleep most of the day. But what he really reveled in was a fog. I have seen him do extraordinary things in a fog, which would seem to prove that his gift (if one can call it that: it was a curse to everyone else) was some uncanny instinct rather than any optical peculiarity. . . . And it was a fog which finished him in the end—very happily for all concerned!'

'Indeed!' said the bishop. 'And how was that, if I may ask?'

'Well, among his other vices — he had no virtues that I could ever discover — was drink. He was not what you would call a drunkard: he never raved or became violent, in the ordinary sense, or even stupid; a little drink, in fact, seemed to sharpen all his beastly nocturnal instincts. Where you or I — forgive the supposition — would have got talkative and rather silly, Aylsham would become restless. His eyes used to glitter in an extraordinary, evil sort of way after a few glasses of champagne. And then he would play some mad, impish trick, such as turning all the lights out and frightening people. The man was naturally cruel, and his jokes (as he called them) took that form. If the weather was foggy it always excited him, and if he'd had something to drink as well he was capable of any devilry. He used to prowls about in a fog deliberately scaring people — pinching them suddenly, pulling their ears, and that sort of thing, and then hopping off and laughing.

'It sounds merely childish, of course, but you can imagine how nervous women took it; and it was women and children he used to make for. And you must remember that he was positively uncanny in any sort of darkness. He never seemed to look where he was going, he never lost his way or tripped up, and he could point out things no one else could see at all. . . . Well, one of his favorite pranks—he'd do it for anybody, just to show off—was walking in a fog or pitch darkness along some narrow ledge. He has done it more than once along the coping round the roof of this house, which is about a foot wide with a sheer drop into the street. . . . You know the wall of the embankment across the road here? He was fond of running along the top of that wall — running, mind you, in a fog or the darkest night he could find!

—turning out all the lamps as he went by, and then running back again. . . .’

‘But surely,’ the bishop interrupted, ‘surely the man should have been put under restraint? He was obviously mad!’

‘It was not easy,’ said Hembury. ‘There is no definite law against playing the fool, and he was hardly ever caught at these tricks. Besides, he could appear perfectly rational if he chose, and he was cunning, like all madmen. He was a good business man, looked after his property quite well in an erratic sort of way, and could be really interesting as a talker. One can’t place him in any accepted category. In fact, I have often thought that he was less mad than inhuman, or *unhuman* — whichever you please. . . . In any case, Mrs. Aylsham refused to move in the matter. She is very proud, and she has some high-flown notions about marriage with which I don’t agree. Nor would you, Dr. Greig, if you knew what she had been through. It does n’t bear talking about. . . .’

Hembury paused for a moment to push the brandy across the table to Jenssen, and to provide himself with another cigarette. The dark room, lighted only by a single hanging lamp, was clouded with tobacco smoke which floated in a level canopy above the heads of the three men. There mingled with the scent of the leaf a faint, elusive odor of fog, for the denser vapor outside, thickening as the evening drew on, had found its way into the house.

‘Mind you,’ Hembury continued, ‘even if we had persuaded Mrs. Aylsham to take action, it would have been very difficult to make out a case against the man. He was abnormal and malicious and cruel, but he was never violent, he could n’t be described as a drunkard, and . . . in short, to get a separation, for example,

what could we have proved? That he was ruining his wife’s health and nerves by impish tricks and suggestion? You can’t easily convince a court that a man is a demon. The days of witchcraft are supposed to be over. I doubt very much whether he was certifiable as insane, because he could always restrain himself before strangers and behave like a rational being. Even like an attractive one! . . . He was summoned once for putting out these lights on the embankment — a policeman caught him at it. He said it was a silly joke, explained that he had had a lively evening and a good deal of champagne, apologized in the most charming way, and got off with a nominal fine. You can do almost anything short of murder in England if you are supposed merely to be intoxicated. It is considered a rather manly failing to which we are all liable. . . . However, I was going to tell you about his death — if you are not bored by this time. I’m afraid I’ve wandered off the point.’

‘Not at all!’ said the bishop, and obviously meant it. ‘It interests me profoundly. I recall a case at Umtuku, which is near the head waters of the M’Wanga, as no doubt you know, where . . . but that story will keep. Pray go on.’

‘It is no secret,’ Hembury continued. ‘The papers got hold of a garbled version at the time, and were full of it. There was an extraordinary black fog last winter — November the 18th. You were in sunnier regions, Dr. Greig, where apparently there are no fogs. Jenssen remembers it, though: he was talking about it at dinner. By the way, Jenssen’ — he broke off to address the Swede — ‘it is better to keep off that subject when Laura is within hearing. She is very nervy about it still. . . . Well, as I was saying, this was a real, bad fog; the sort of thing we don’t often get nowadays.

You could n't see a yard. Traffic was held up, and there were a lot of accidents. Aylsham was out in it, of course — reveling in it. He came into the house after dinner in a very wild state, drugged with fog and excitement. By this time Mrs. Aylsham's nerves were on the point of breaking down — I don't think she could have stood the life much longer; and as he was even more mad and fiendish than usual, there was some sort of a scene. He dashed out again, and was only seen afterwards, so far as we know, by one other person. . . . One of the women servants had been out in the afternoon, had lost her way, like most other people, and had managed to get back into this road about nine o'clock. She was on the wrong side, by the embankment wall somewhere near Hungerford Bridge. The wall, in fact, was the only thing which gave her any idea of her whereabouts. She was standing with one hand on it, under a lamp, trying to make up her mind to cross the road. She said afterwards that she could only just see the light above her head as a sort of blur. Suddenly, someone came running along the top of the wall and trod on her hand. Of course she screamed, and the creature — who must have been Aylsham — laughed, turned out the lamp apparently (for it went out), and vanished.

The girl had hysterics. Someone found her there and contrived to pilot her across the road and eventually back to this house. . . . She does n't seem to have realized that the man who had frightened her was Aylsham — he was careful usually not to play his tricks with the servants, because he liked his comfort, and most of them thought he was merely eccentric; but Mrs. Aylsham, of course, had no delusions. She was in a wretched state at the moment, thoroughly overwrought, and from something Aylsham had said

she was convinced he was going to exceed even his usual license of behavior that night, and that it was her duty to try to find him and restrain him. She insisted on going out, with the butler they had then — a man named Crake, to look for this madman. Of course it was a hopeless, quixotic piece of foolishness. They could n't see anything. At one time they even lost each other. Laura apparently wandered down the embankment toward Pimlico, while Crake was hunting frenziedly for her in the opposite direction. . . . It must have been a ghastly nightmare. . . .

'And they saw nothing of her husband?' the bishop asked.

'No. They met again after a while, and Mrs. Aylsham was so exhausted and hysterical that Crake more or less carried her home. She was seriously ill, and when everything had been cleared up she went away. . . . As for Aylsham, he had played his silly tricks once too often. I said that he never made a mistake in a fog; but he did that night. He must have slipped off the wall. The river was high, and they found his body two days later somewhere near the Pool. It was a providential riddance. . . .

'A very remarkable story,' the bishop said. 'Very remarkable, indeed!'

'I have known another man like that,' Jenssen observed in his slow way. He spoke excellent English except for an odd tendency to transpose his *j*'s and *y*'s and to pronounce his *g*'s hard.

'Well, shoot him or get him locked up!' said Hembury.

'Oh, there are more. There is a scientific name for them — Tenebrists or Noctambulists they are called. As you say, they are not mad in the ordinary sense. They are extra-human: something outside the normal type. Something older, perhaps. Usually they are blondes, which is curious — Aylsham had yellow hair' — (he pro-

nounced it yellow) — 'and they have a genuine sixth sense, like devils or angels. In parts of North Russia, where it is dark for half the year, they are believed to be not uncommon; and the peasantry there, who are very primitive and intensely superstitious, will tell you all sorts of stories about them. Noctambulists, for one thing, are supposed there to have the power of materializing after death out of profound darkness or fog. . . .'

Hembury got up and flung his cigarette into the fire.

'For heaven's sake, Jenssen,' he said, 'don't air your beastly knowledge of demonology in front of Laura! She's got some fantastic notion of the kind in her head now. You know what women are. . . . Suppose we forget these gruesome topics and join the ladies?'

It was little more than half an hour later when the guests prepared to leave. The fog inspired them to this early departure. The bishop had gone to the window to investigate, and declared that it was very dense.

'I can't see the lights across the road,' said he. 'Alicia, my dear, I think we ought to be going. We shall have to walk, you know. Fortunately, we can hardly lose our way.'

The Greigs were staying at a hotel in Sloane Street; and by following Church Street to the King's Road it seemed that they could hardly go far wrong. The Jenssens, making for the neighborhood of Victoria, could accompany them to Sloane Square. And everyone was standing by the fire, discussing routes and landmarks, when a disconcerting incident occurred. The lights in the room suddenly went out.

Coming so pat upon Hembury's story of Maple Aylsham, it was not strange if even the three men were for the moment affected unpleasantly by this eclipse. Of the women, Ethel Jenssen and the bishop's wife saw nothing

but an accident, and the former laughed; but Laura Maple Aylsham, with a gasp of terror, gripped her cousin's arm and stood shaking. And so for an instant they remained. Behind them the fire had been glowing; but to complete the evil illusion its blaze shrank and fell away to nothing; and their figures, grouped together before it, flung over the whole room bloated and vacillating shadows which merged in places into palls, black and impenetrable as ink.

Hembury broke the silence and tension by striding forward, muttering anathemas, toward the switch and the door. He stumbled over a chair and cursed audibly; and from behind him came a poignant cry from Laura Aylsham.

'Oh, no, no! *George!* . . . For God's sake! . . .'

It seemed to Hembury, although afterward he was shy even of thinking about so preposterous a fancy, that some one laughed — someone not of their party. And with the sound, if indeed it was not imaginary, the lights flashed into being again around the room, and tongues of flame, like prisoners released, leaped upward from the faggots in the hearth. But Mrs. Maple Aylsham had fainted.

The guests made their departure with speed and discretion. Hembury saw them out into the street, while Lettice Ellison ministered to her cousin. It was a relief to find the fog palpably thinning; the lamps along the Embankment wall shone visibly once more; and it did not appear that the travelers would have much difficulty in finding their way home. With cordial farewells and expressions of sympathy they disappeared in the gloom. Hembury, who intended to remain until Mrs. Aylsham was recovered, returned into the hall to find her standing at the foot of the stairs with Lettice Ellison.

She was pitifully white, and her eyes were unnaturally bright and distended; but although she trembled and still clung to the younger girl, she had an air of purpose and self-command.

'Wait a few minutes, Charles,' she said. 'I'm all right now, and I shall be down again.'

Left to himself, after an ineffectual attempt to induce her to go straight to bed, Hembury tested the switch of the drawing-room lights, found everything in order, and then went in search of the housekeeper. He met her coming from her quarters in answer to her mistress' bedroom bell. It appeared that, so far as she knew, none of the other lights in the house had failed. He turned back to the drawing room, puzzled and vaguely disturbed, and cursing the inopportune vagaries of electricity.

It was nearly a quarter of an hour before Mrs. Maple Aylsham reappeared. To Hembury's amazement, she wore a hat and a heavy fur coat; and Lettice Ellison, who followed, also was dressed for the street.

'Good heavens, Laura! . . . ' he began.

'Don't talk now, please, Charles!' she said. 'Mrs. Clyst is outside, with our bags. . . . Will you help us to carry them? I can't stay in this house to-night, so Lettice and I are going to find a hotel.'

She spoke hurriedly, and plainly under an intense effort of self-control, yet at the same time with finality; and to check the torrent of remonstrance he was about to utter she turned back at once into the hall. Lettice Ellison, as she followed after, signaled a warning to him to refrain from useless attempts at dissuasion.

'Laura!' he cried. 'What is this madness? What do you propose to do? My dear child, you can't go out like

this, hunting for hotels in a fog at this time of night! You're not fit to be out at all — you ought to be in bed now! Do, for heaven's sake, come back and rest! We can talk things over to-morrow. . . . '

'Oh, don't, don't, Charles!' She interrupted him almost fiercely. 'Leave me alone! Don't you see I can't bear it? Nothing will induce me to go back to that house — ever!'

As though set blindly on escape — escape from the house, from Hembury's ill-timed arguments, from horrors she could hardly formulate to herself — she began to walk rapidly down the road in the direction of Westminster. The fog, in the mysterious manner of such visitations, was every moment shredding and dissolving, rolling upward from the river, so that even a few lights on the Battersea shore were faintly to be seen. In the open doorway of the house behind, which let out a cheerful gush of radiance, Lettice Ellison was about to follow the fugitive. Hembury, unconscious of the crisis upon which he was rushing, still irritated, anxious, and blunderingly tenacious of his one idea, began once more to remonstrate.

'Do be reasonable, Laura! You'll only make yourself seriously ill! There's nothing wrong with the house. . . . Come back, there's a good girl! Just because a few lights went out, a year after a man fell into the river, you imagine all sorts of silly things! It is n't. . . . '

But Laura Maple Aylsham could stand no more. Her over-wrought nerves and brain turned against her. She stopped and faced him, her eyes blazing.

'Oh, you make me mad!' she cried. 'Don't you understand? He did n't fall in! *I pushed him in!* . . . '

[*The Westminster Gazette*]

TO A SAILOR'S BIRD IN THE
PORTSMOUTH TRAIN

IN what fantastic forest wert thou
fledged,
And what bright egg contained thy
gaudy plume?
Poor bird! now ignominiously wedged
Upon the carriage rack, sans view, sans
room.

Thy owner is a beady-eyed marine,
His face a palimpsest of every clime. . .
Now some quiet inn upon a village
green
May hear his language toward closing
time.

And thine — who knows — thy curt
profanity,
If thou wert hatched under a lucky
star,
May take the landlord's fancy, leaving
thee
The butt and plaything of the Private
Bar.

Shelter and food and warmth — and a
dull pain
At whiles, to goad thee to a Dante's
rage,
Never to see thy darkling woods again,
Thou pampered exile in a parrot's cage.

[*The Spectator*]

NOUS N'IRONs PLUS AU BOIS

BETTER stay at home
Now the evening's come.
A little breeze blows chill
Westward, across the hill . . .
The pale young moon is shy
And hidden. Dear one, why
Not be satisfied,
For we are tired? Bide
Here, and shut the door;
I'll make a little more
Fire.

The beech boughs hang so low,
The dry leaves whisper so,

The great trees lean and press
So close in the darkness.
No nightingale will sing;
Only the black bat's wing
Whirs; and the fairies' bird,
The night owl, can be heard.
And in the dim starlight
Your face is changed and white . . .
Come closer to the bright
Fire.

Perhaps when we had stood
One moment in the wood,
They'd call, and you would go
And where I'd never know!
Or, in a breath, alas!
A century might pass
Like wind blown through the grass . . .
And creeping home again,
No ashes would remain
Of our fire.

GREAT MERCY

BY ANGELA CAVE

OF many things for which great
praise. . .

A green lane set in winding ways,
A flowery lawn, a sun-flecked wall. . .
Give thanks for water most of all.

A cool well in an ivied grot,
A chattering brook by the garden plot,
A river in a sunny mead. . .
Great mercy are these things indeed.

The little brook of blossoms tells,
White stars and gaudy-colored bells
That deck its sides, red clover-sheets,
Speedwell and all such homely sweets.

The tall grass by the river wide
Throws greens and glooms on the
quivering tide
That winds along with gentle plash
As if our stained souls it would wash.

Water quiet and water cool,
Running stream and wind-rocked pool,
Of unseen springs are sent as sign. . .
Of healing water and divine.

Among the jasper and the gold
Shall be no sea, the Saint foretold;
But. . . hid in many a holy nook. . .
A well, a river, and a brook.